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The boys in the band, from left: Nigel Harrison, Jimmy Destri, Clem Burke, Chris Stein, Frank Infante.



BLONDIE

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE PLAY ON

Domestic Bliss with Debbie and Chris, or Not Tonight Dear I Have a Headache.

by Roy Trakin

According to the Bible, "Rapture" will occur when Jesus Christ returns to retrieve a third of the Earth's population for the Kingdom of Heaven, leaving the rest to rot with their sins. A few weeks ago, a caller phoned *T.V. Party*, the anarchic cable show cohosted by Blondie guitarist Chris Stein and resident bon vivant Glen O'Brien, announcing that the "Rapture" had already taken place.

"I told the guy that I hadn't noticed anyone missing," recalls Stein. "And he laughed. 'That's because you and all the people you hang out with are fucked!'"

On Blondie's fifth and most accomplished album, **Autoamerican**, *Rapture* is a hilarious Deborah Harry hip-hoppin' rap about a man from Mars who eats cars, bars, and, ultimately guitars as the band hammers yet another nail into rock and roll's coffin. While *Rapture* climbs the r&b charts, the rest of **Autoamerican** (produced by Mike Chapman out in Los Angeles), represents a breezy cross-section of native musical forms — from the '30s Depression-era swing of *Here's Looking At You*, to the sudsy pseudocountry honky-tonk of *Go Through It*, from the fake-classical movie soundtrack flourish that opens

the record (*Europa*) to the hopelessly sentimental, but yearning Tin Pan Alley of *Camelot's Follow Me*. In short, Blondie hangs out with a distinctly higher class musical crowd these days, including L.A. jazzman Tom Scott, veteran orchestra conductor Jimmy Haskell, stand-up bassist Ray Brown and funk guitarist Wa Wa Watson, all of whom appear on the new LP.

Autoamerican not only marks a return to traditional musical values, but also represents an affirmation of classical human virtues like respect, commitment, trust and love. The album may be packaged like Blondie product for the MOR masses, but the group's chilly cynicism has given way to a surprisingly warm and generous humanity. It's a deceptively long road from having a love that was a "gas, but soon turned out to be a pain in the ass," to "You know it's so passe/To sleep without you every day" (*Live It Up*). The difference is this time the heart is flesh and blood, not glass.

We're in the living room of Chris and Debbie's modest New York midtown penthouse. Stein sits on the sofa amidst a burgeoning pile of fan letters, photographs, party invitations, business letters, gold records,

paintings, drawings and electronic toys, meticulously cleaning some of his killer homegrown, the first signs of a healthy pot-belly creasing his middle. Phones ring and the stereo blasts as photographer William Coupon parades through the apartment with a wall-sized blow up of Debbie for Chris' approval. The lady herself is in the kitchen hollowing out pumpkins. A day in the life of America's favorite punk couple, the N.Y. underground's King and Queen.

"I'm disturbed by the narrowness of rock and roll fans and what they want to listen to," Stein replies to my observation on **Autoamerican**'s old-fashioned appeal. "It's sad that a lot of these older types of music will get lost. The world of rock is always being sold as a socially relevant commodity, when it's just show biz like anything else. I'm more versed in a general form of pop music rather than any specifics. I think the tragedy is that all these tastes get broken down with everybody retreating to his own little camp. The most successful acts are the ones that constantly create their own frame of reference, avoiding the mold."

The point is not to judge Blondie's



forays into assorted musical genres against the real thing. Obviously, the boozy, lifting *The Tide Is High* has more to do with Jamaica, Queens than the island itself. Of course, *Live It Up* is a jokey, cocktail lounge version of *Bad Girls*. Sure, *Faces* is to cabaret what Betty Boop is to Edith Piaf. Just remember, Blondie was a cartoon long before it became a group. Still, **Autoamerican's** "songs for the new depression" ambience is a trifle smug, no?

"It remains to be seen what effect the record will have," says Stein. "We wanted to make music that would cross over. I would like to see the record help resolve racial tensions by bringing different audiences together. When the new wave kids and the rappers get together, that'll be something. Eventually, they'll all meet in the middle, where you'll have a strong race of young people that won't be divided by stupid racial issues."

You can be sure the hard-core rock critics aren't going to like **Autoamerican** very much.

"Whatever you do, reviewers are always divided in thirds. They either like it, hate it or have mixed feelings about it. It doesn't have anything to do with quality. It has more to do with selling advertising," Stein observes. "The press has always tried to write Debbie off by calling me her Svengali. It's just another snidely sexist attitude. We've always helped each other out. It's never been a manipulative-type situation."

So, your relationship is not like either Roger Smith and Ann Margaret or John and Bo Derek, then?

"No, it's more like Steve and Cyndi Garvey: both sides have their say. I



Anthony Barboza

"Bring in the spaghetti, Beulah, he knows you're in there."

"I think I have a better understanding of the business world than he does," boasts Debbie. "Chris has a better sense of time and logic. How things will actually happen."

"Our roles are hard to nail down because we flip-flop and take opposite sides as well. We have a very fluid relationship that can adapt to just about anything," says Chris.

"Sometimes I can't bear to answer the phone, so Chris will do all the business that day. And then, the next

by having to eat in the high school lunchroom. We've just spent half our royalties from the last two albums buying mammoth steaks imported from Siberia. \$157.50 a pound."

How closely did Debbie identify with the mousey, sexually repressed housewife she portrayed in **Union City**?

"That's the way it was in the '50s. When I was growing up in those days, I had hints about what it was like. My life was directed just like hers was. I wasn't encouraged to become a nuclear physicist. I was naturally thought of as becoming a housewife and mother. You weren't supposed to wear clothes that were too tight, stuff like that."

How did Stein feel now about sharing his girlfriend's sexually provocative image with the public? Judging from some choice pieces of fan mail as well as the foul mouthed callers on *T.V. Party*, I'd say he's encouraging some pretty perverse fantasies out there.

"As far as *T.V. Party* goes, that's the same three guys who call back all the time," claims Stein. "I've always been attracted to pictures of girls, especially Debbie. Our fan mail is not that bad. We don't get Polaroid snapshots of guys with hard-ons, really. At least it doesn't filter through to us. The most we get are requests for underwear and shoes."

Certainly, most criticism of Blondie's blatant marketing of Deborah's sexual persona ignores her lyrical contributions. The band's recent chart-topping *Call Me* success depended as much on Debbie's ear-catching "Roll me in designer sheets" as it did producer Giorgio Moroder's propelling guitar/keyboard riff. In addition, Deborah created the music and copy for her *Gloria Vanderbilt*

"The new wave is plastic. They're just our next generation of computer programmers."

call it the Ike Turner syndrome. Everyone thought he had her tied up in the shower before the show, when it was really the other way around."

Meanwhile a casually attired Deborah Harry emerges from the kitchen, where she's been hard at work making pumpkin pie from scratch. As a couple, Chris and Debbie almost resemble the drab pair in **Union City**, the movie in which Harry starred. She cooks while he devises a fool-proof method to figure out who's been stealing his milk delivery every morning. It's that mundane.

"When we were getting to know each other, we had a lot of disagreements," recalls Debbie, "but, after being together for a long time, we really see things much the same way now."

"We're definitely partners," affirms Chris.

day, I will do it. We support each other," insists Debbie.

"I think we have a normal relationship," concludes Chris.

"I don't think there's any way to describe my existence except it's mine. There's no such thing as a domestic existence. Everybody lives their life the way they want," says Debbie. "I do everything in my life."

"She gets her own glasses of water," adds Chris. "She carries her own bags."

Did Deborah like to cook?

"I gotta eat, Roy. I can't send out to Wolf's Deli every day."

"The maid cooks," exclaims Stein. "He's just trying to get you to tell him about Beulah, the Eye-talian maid."

Harry picks up the thread. "Bring the spaghetti, Beluah, he knows you're in there."

"I don't like to eat in restaurants," complains Chris. "I was traumatized

jeans ad, a potentially irritating commercial hook if I ever heard one. "When I started working on **Autoamerican**," explains Harry, "my whole idea was to be earth bound and realistic. Street level."

Aren't those street people precisely the ones who are going to be screaming "sell-out" the loudest?

"This LP's aimed at the real street people. The hip-hoppers and the rappers," counters Stein. "The new wave is plastic. They're just our next generation of computer programmers."

"It's a very confusing record to listen to because you have to have varied tastes," suggests Debbie.

How did she respond to the traditional criticism of her singing, like it was off-key or out-of-tune?

"I am off-key sometimes."

But don't you use that for a purpose?

"Do I really? Gee, thanks Roy."

Chris comes to the defense. "In each of our records, Debbie's pitch has been pretty consistent."

"I can point out songs where I sound slightly off, but people say no," says Debbie. "It's like a fuzz box or a wah-wah pedal. You can get all these different qualities and attitudes in your voice by just changing the tone. It's like the same notes with a different style."

Autoamerican showcases Harry's versatility as a singer more than the trashy garage-rock of the first album, the metallic glitter of **Plastic Letters**, the Eurodisco pop of **Parallel Lines** or the high-techno flash of **Eat to the Beat**. On practically every track she assumes a different character.

"I think it's much more obvious this time. We tried for that versatility on earlier records, but I don't think we pulled it off until now. My voice hasn't changed, but I know I've improved as a singer and recording artist. I also believe my attitude and my ability to express moods has really gotten better."

Did they see how **Autoamerican** might suggest a cultural return to more conservative, repressed, tradition-bound lifestyles?

"I think people are concerned because of the conservative take over in government," agrees Debbie. "But once you've established a lifestyle and made progress in it, it's much harder to go backward than forward. People in this country are still used to the acquisition of comfort. Americans are so spoiled and ignorant about the rest of the world. We're so rich and our lifestyles are so comparatively high, it's appalling. Give me a break."

But there are still a lot of people around here who are struggling to make ends meet.

"Yeah, like all our friends," sighs Chris.

"One of the worst things I've seen is the way certain talented people I know, who were leaders back in the C.B.G.B. days, haven't been able to achieve the stardom they should have," says Debbie. "It takes more

talent than just being able to get onstage and sing."

Would Blondie have made it if **Heart of Glass** hadn't hit precisely when it did?

"That's a major fallacy," insists Stein, "because everyone thinks having a Number One record in America and breaking through here is such a big deal. All along I realized we could easily be happy just having

"I'm disturbed by the narrowness of rock and roll fans and what they want to listen to."

hits in Europe and England."

Doesn't cracking the American market, though, take you from earning \$30,000 a year to over \$100,000?

"Probably," admits Stein.

"It's a lot more in taxes, too," adds Debbie.

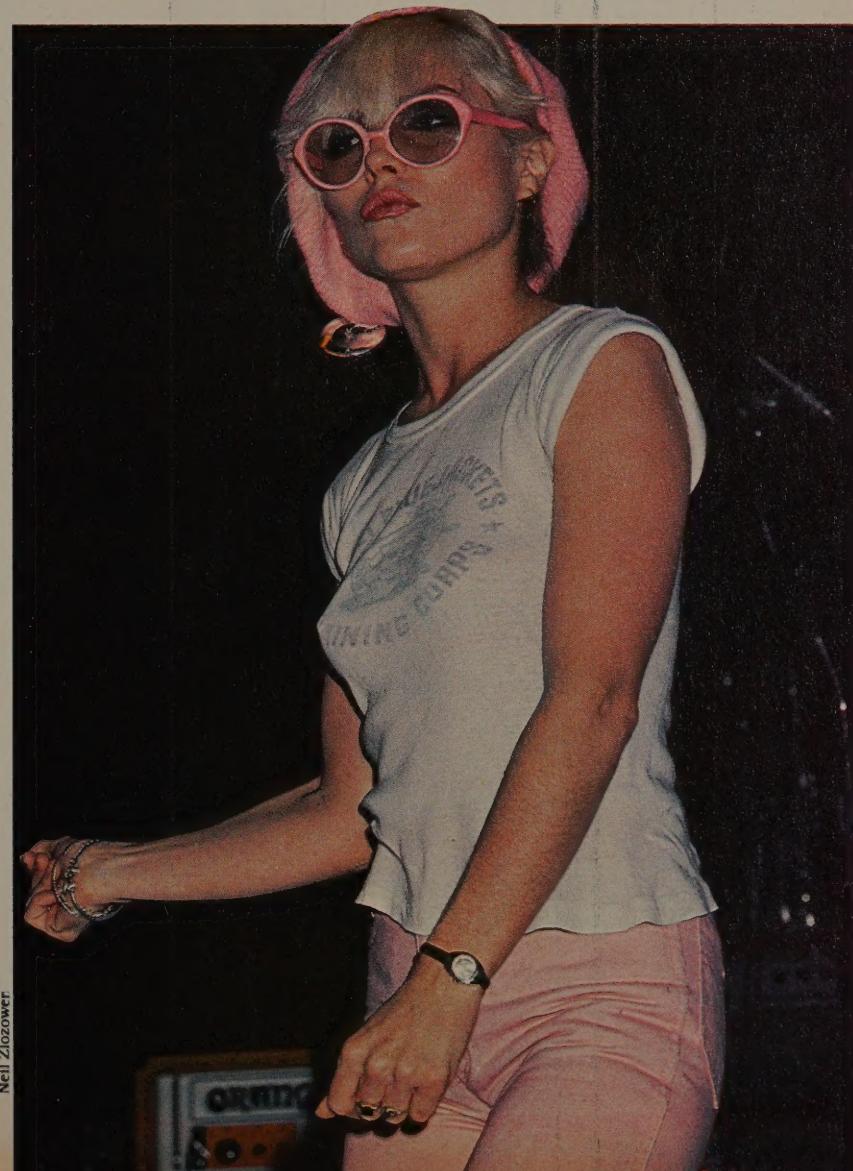
Deborah Harry: "I was naturally thought of as becoming a housewife and mother."

Chris suddenly hits upon a pleasant thought. "Maybe Reagan will save us after all. Just as we're starting to make real money, he'll be ready to cut taxes, won't he?"

Once again, Blondie manages to be in the right place at the right time. You've got to hand it to Stein, Harry and their cohorts, Jimmy Destri, Clem Burke, Nigel Harrison and Frank Infante. They've created a concept so marketable that, at this very moment, obscure Jersey cover bands play their trade performing nothing but Blondie material with Debbie Harry-cloned lead singers. Well, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and didn't Blondie themselves start that way? Wouldn't Deborah be curious to check out such a band one night?

"No way!" she sneers. "They're only doing it for the money! You've gotta have heart."

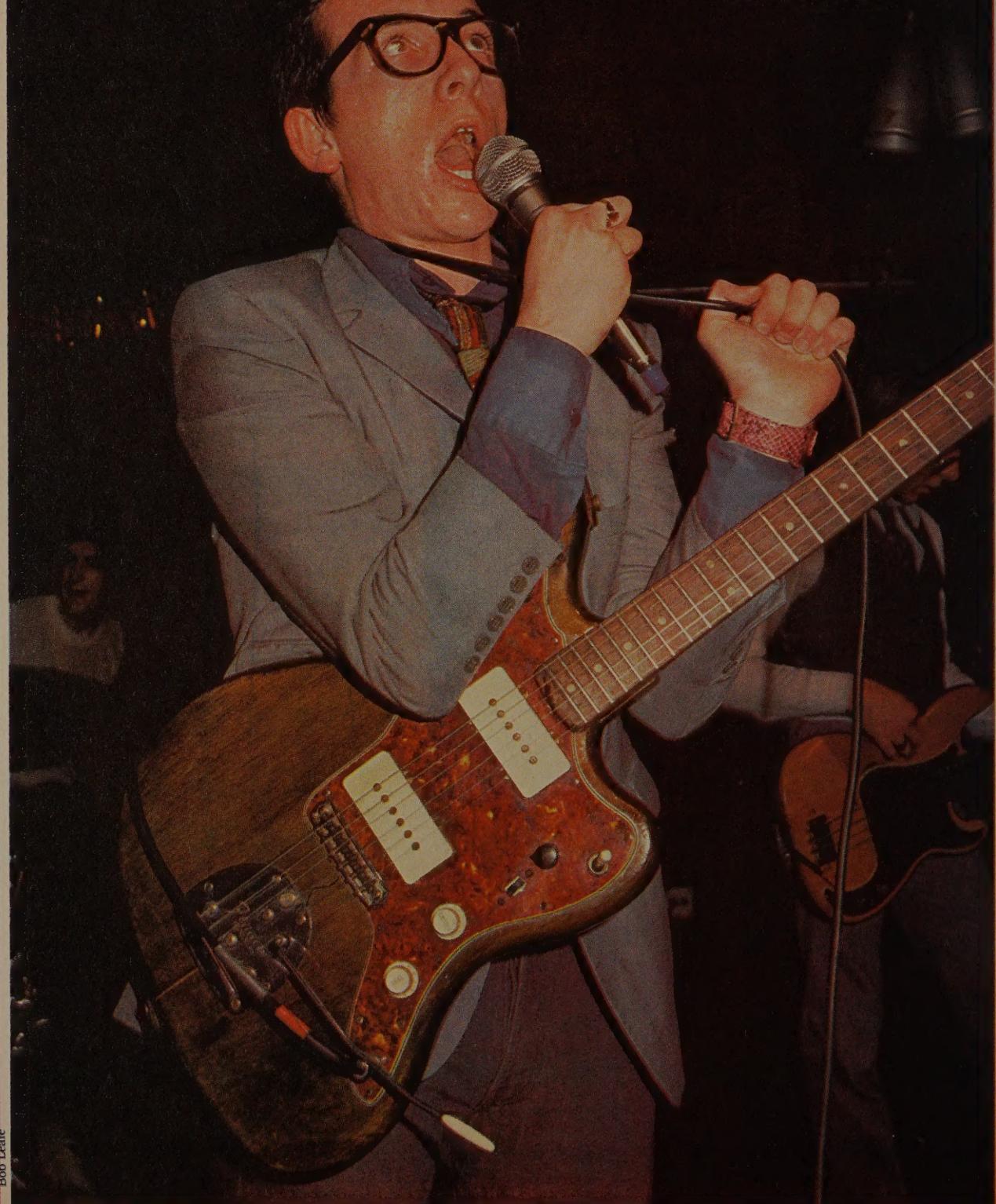
In **Autoamerican**'s carnival mirror image of America's pop music roots, a wistful, but never nostalgic, Blondie finally prove they're just as concerned with true romance as foolproof economics. □



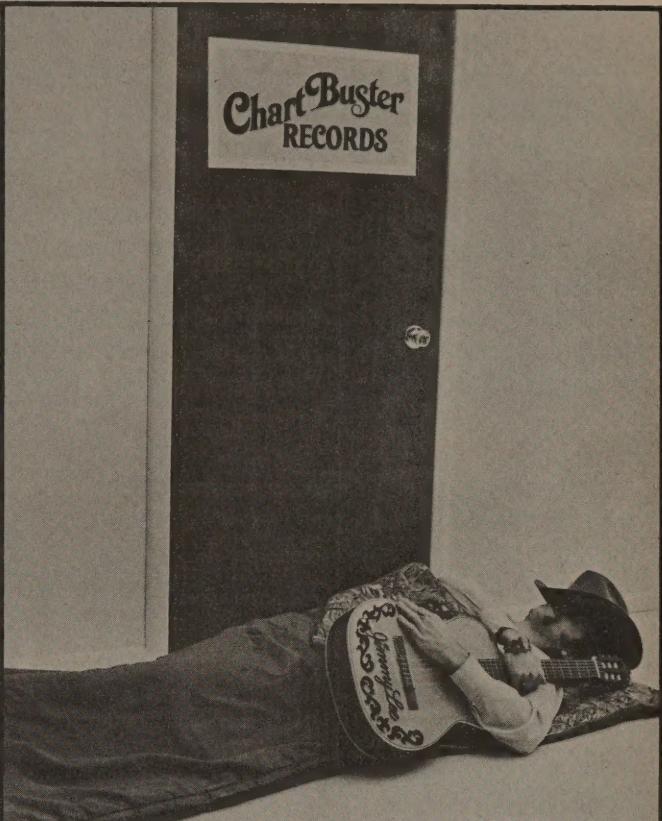
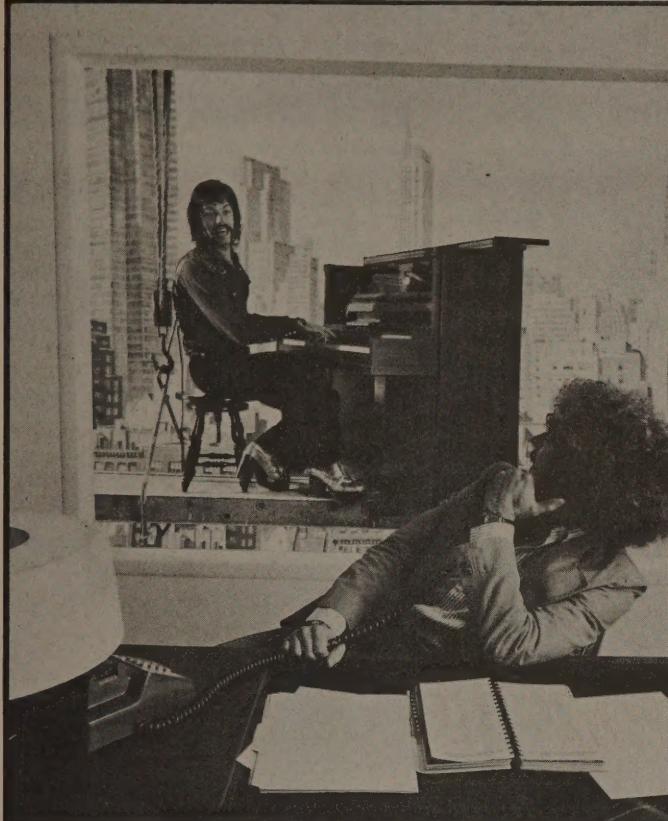
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Elvis Costello
In Concert



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WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

JOURNEY'S STEVE PERRY TALKS ABOUT HIT PARADER T-SHIRTS

When we asked JOURNEY's lead singer STEVE PERRY, what's his favorite magazine, he silently whipped out this HIT PARADER T-shirt and in front of our very eyes took off his leather bondage gear and got into the rock and roll uniform that you see here before your very own eyes. No lie!

Now, of course, Steve Perry is not your average, run-of-the-mill rock star. When we asked him what was the most outrageous thing he's ever done in his chosen profession, Steve told us of the time he was trying to catch a few winks in his hotel and the local Jaycees were getting rather rowdy in the next room. In fact, these righteous, law-abiding citizens were downright trashing the place. So Steve did the only thing that a hard-working rocker can do. He called hotel security and had the drunken louts kicked out. No way was he going to allow those guys to rob our traditions established by legends like the Stones, the Who and Led Zeppelin. For sure!

Steve Perry and all the guys in Journey wear their Hit Parader T-shirts whenever they are out having a good time or when they want to impress people with how cool they are. And you can, too. These T-shirts are *not* the cheapo fade-away, wash today-gone tomorrow imported rip-offs, but genuine American made polyester/cotton blend. All shirts are adult-sized, Small, Medium, Large, and Extra Large in black with glittering silver.

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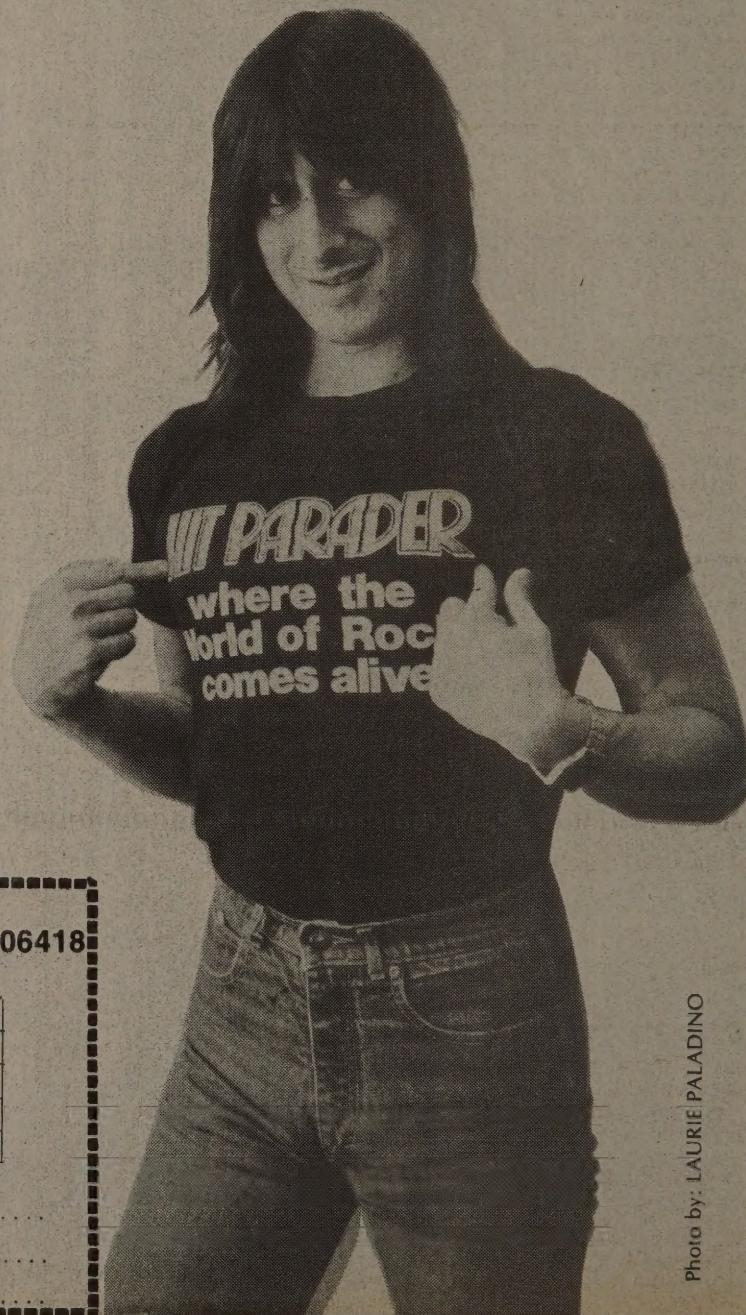


Photo by: LAURIE PALADINO

WE READ YOUR *Mail*

Each month Hit Parader receives letters either addressed to a recording artist or concerning an artist, requesting personal information. Whenever possible we answer those requests. However, in most cases the information is not at our disposal. Hit Parader suggests that fans interested in personal information on a certain recording artist send those requests to the record label or manager, whose address can be found on the back of the artist's most recent album. All other mail should be sent to us: Hit Parader, Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT 06418.

Dear Hit Parader,

Your article on AC/DC (Jan. 81) was excellent. As your article stated, Angus is truly a complete showman. The way he sweats, writhes, kicks, falls, roams and bobs his head up and down without missing a note is incredible. Bon Scott's death was really untimely, but Brian Johnson is an excellent replacement. Credit goes to Andy Secher for writing a damn good article on the best band this side of the Milky Way. Keep up the good work.

Liz "A Bomb" Navat
Oxon Hill, Md.

Dear Hit Parader,

Is Angus really as weird offstage as he is onstage?

Goro Woolley
Bramalea, Ontario, Canada

Ed.: Sometimes he disappoints me, but sometimes he's even worse, but check page 38 for some very exciting AC/DC news.

Dear Hit Parader,

The next time you do an interview with any band, would you please do us Puerto Ricans a favor? Ask them if they have considered doing a concert here. We will accept anything, even if it's mediocre like Ted Nugent or the Knack. I mean, anything is better than bullshit like Pelican Flight, East Side Band or Quantrum, some of our local bands.

Full Lano de Tal,
Cayey, Puerto Rico

Ed.: Con tigo, amigo.

Dear Hit Parader,

I have had it up to my eyeballs with critics who don't know their elbows from their assholes. I am referring to the review (Jan. 81) of Alice Cooper's album, tour, etc. You turkeys want him to be the same Alice Cooper he was ten years ago. **Flush The Fashion** is a flippin' good album. Of course *I'm Eighteen* is going to sound a little different now — it's 1980. That band is a different band. Give the kid a break. You must have something against skinny

singers or something. If critics can bitch, so can I. Hey, Alice, I still believe.

Liz Solme
Albuquerque, N.M.
P.S. Who do you think taught Kiss how to put on their make up?

Dear Hit Parader,

This is a warning to all you headache-afflicting screechers who like to pretend you're actually playing the guitar. You'd better say goodbye to all your so-called music because punk is gonna whip it good.

Diane Tirschel
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Hit Parader,

We're not saying punk or new wave sucks. It's good, too, but people can choose to listen to whatever they want. Southern rock has lived through a hell of a lot more than punk and new wave. Southern rock forever, along with punk and new wave.

Michelle Martin & Lori Brown
Waterford, Ct.

Dear Hit Parader,

New wave ain't bad, but think about the great bands who made rock what it is today before you praise new wave.

Don Pagnotta
Bellmore, N.Y.

Dear Hit Parader,

We southern rockers know how to rock! You can take your Stiff Little Fingers, Sex Pistols and Buzzcocks and stick them where the sun don't shine!

The Proud Coonasses
Galliano, La.

Dear Hit Parader,

Where can I audition to be Led Zeppelin's new drummer? This isn't a joke, I really think I could handle it, but not while I'm hanging out in this unknown dead town.

Larry Schuler
Sebastian, Florida

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THIN LIZZY

PHIL LYNOTT'S PIECE OF THE ROCK

**"For me, an Irishman,
to stop drinking, that's the worst."**

by Liz Derringer



Thin Lizzy: "This time everyone wanted to play rock and roll."

Phil Lynott, the leading force behind the hard-driving quartet, Thin Lizzy, is, among other things, the only ethnic rock star to come out of Ireland. Apart from his latest work with the band, *Chinatown*, Phil has recently enjoyed success with his debut the *Solo in Soho* LP. On a late afternoon, secure in the warmth and comfort of Warner Brothers' New York office, I had the opportunity to speak with Phil, Irish brogue and all, about Thin Lizzy's and his own latest steps.

HP: Is it hard to deal with the changes that you have to go through with new members — one year a hit record, the next year, no hit record?

PL: Well, the thing is that Thin Lizzy is very popular in Europe. As bad as it sounds, the world is not America, if you know what I mean. It has a great influence on the world, but to me, an Irishman, it's just another country. The *Jailbreak* album did so well that it went to me head, and I raved too much, and caught hepatitis. I had to stop drinking for a year. And, for me, an

Irishman, to stop drinking ... well, sex is pretty tough ... but to stop drinking, that's the worst.

HP: You just acquired a new guitar player, Snowy White?

PL: He used to be with Pink Floyd and Peter Green. He did *The Wall* concerts with the Floyd when I was doing the solo album. We then decided that Snowy was the guy for us — he's more stable for the lineup.

HP: Tell me about the latest album, *Chinatown*.

PL: What with me getting the solo album out of me system and the band going through that long wait to find the new guitarist, we wanted to do an aggressive album. This time, everyone wanted to play rock and roll. We've only scratched the surface of what we can do, because we are a new band.

HP: You have been around playing rock and roll for a long time now, things constantly go through changes and phases. Do you find it difficult to remain emotionally strong?

PL: I pick myself up real quick. I mean, if my career as an international figure ended, if the band didn't tour worldwide anymore, I'd be playing in a bar

band about once a week. I could adapt to the situation. I don't think mine is the right to glory, and, hence, I'm just happy enough if I could get up on stage and express myself.

HP: Do you get depressed about the constant ups and downs of the rock and roll business?

PL: Sometimes, when you got hopes, dreams, plans and they're dashed, I suffer manic depression but normally I keep it to myself. I go around like a lone wolf on me own. Then, I figure something out and go on. I recently got married, and it's good to have her to talk to. I'm not the type to confide too much in anybody.

HP: Do you get angry if a record doesn't sell?

PL: If it's a good record and you can always tell on hindsight, then you can get annoyed. Funny thing is that if you write a good song, it's amazing how many of your peers will pick up on it. You don't make a record only to sell it to the public. You do it to communicate to someone, and if you can communicate to somebody whose opinion you respect, you get the benefit of the satisfaction.

HP: What do you like to write about?

PL: Anything from facts and figments of me imagination. For example, I wrote a fact song, *Killer on the Loose*. Right now, there's a killer on the loose, and I wanted to write a warning.

HP: Like *Jack the Ripper*?

PL: Yeah, and like an actor would assume the part, I assume the part of the killer and I state things that I don't actually believe. I got a lot of flack in England, because some people thought I was glorifying rape or writing a sexist song.

HP: What gives you the energy it takes to play on a rock and roll stage?

PL: Music, the power of the four of us locking in to one. You know when you're in school and you're working on a really hard problem right, and when you get the result you know, the problem is there before you, and you know there is an answer. And you're really into it and concentrating on it full blast, when you get the result, it doesn't matter. That period of time you spent concentrating on that problem, when your mind was fully functional, on this one thing — it's very much like the feeling on stage. When I'm on stage, I concentrate so hard on the music. When the gig is over, my adrenalin is up because I've been so excited. Before the gig starts, I'm very relaxed, very cool.

HP: Do you get stage fright?

PL: There's only one city where I get stage fright, and that's Dublin 'cause that's me home town. I want the band to be at its best when we play because I want to be thought of with pride in me home town more than anywhere else.

HP: What's it like to be black in Ireland?

PL: There aren't many blacks in Ireland. My mother and father met in London. Me mother's white, and she went back to have me in Ireland. Then her and me old man split up, and I was brought up by me granny. I had a great childhood. The racial attitude is much different here than in Ireland, but I was a tough kid.

HP: Is that why you went into rock and roll?

PL: No, I found it was a way of attracting women. □

The Van Zant home in Jacksonville, Florida, is a lot quieter these days. The three daughters married Bills and moved away, and Donnie, lead singer of .38 Special, lives across town with his wife. And, of course, last October marks three years since eldest son, Ronnie, who led Lynyrd Skynyrd to fame, died in a plane crash. Only 21-year-old Johnny, the immediate family's newest rock and roll contender, still lives in the house where all the Van Zant children were raised. His parents, Lacy and Marion, talk about rebuilding the house again. The house is a modest size now, but it used to be smaller. One wonders how eight Van Zants could have possibly fit back then.

Johnny and his 19-year-old nephew/next door neighbor/best friend/drummer, Robbie Morris, are coming of age. Both share boyish enthusiasm over the start of promising musical careers. Both are sitting on a fence, weighing the values of moving out from under their parents' auspices, and both are in awe of the headliners they now share stages with. Ironically, one wonders if they truly realize the value of the musical history that for years could be found literally in the back yard.

Ronnie was the first son to show musical inclination, his mother Marion, affectionately called Sister by the family, relates over her perennial cup of coffee. Ronnie began playing in local bands when he was in the tenth grade with Donnie following suit soon thereafter.

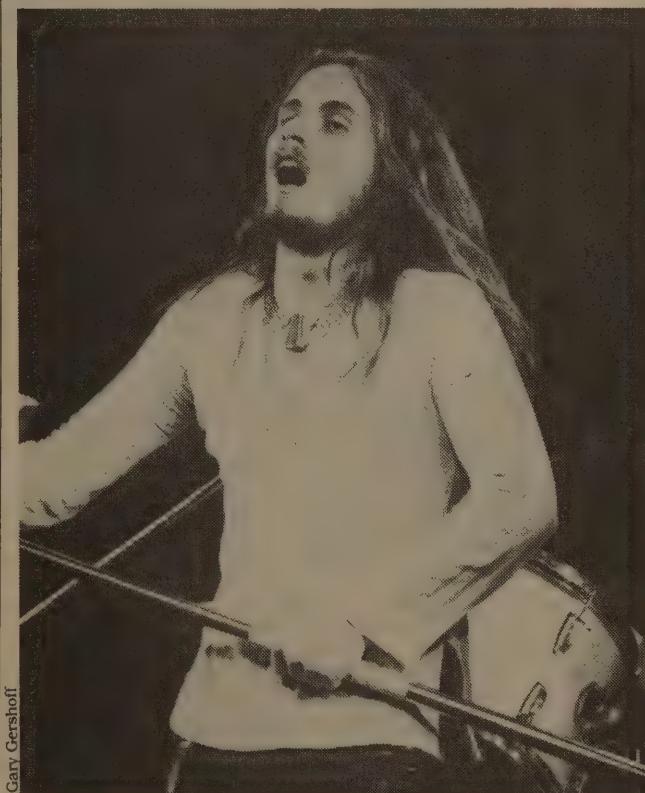
Sister says she and her husband of thirty-five years never tried to sway the ambitions of her "little devils," Ronnie and Donnie. Johnny and Robbie echo this statement, professing that the elder Van Zants helped as much as they could in building each son's career. Lacy, a.k.a. Papa Vee, says that as soon as he heard that Johnny's debut LP, **No More Dirty Deals**, had sold a considerable number of copies, he committed himself to helping out his

Roots

JACKSONVILLE'S JOHNNY VAN ZANT

Each month Hit Parader takes a tour back to the old neighborhood with a rock and roll star. This month we are down in Jacksonville, Florida, with Johnny Van Zant, whose debut LP, **No More Dirty Deals**, was one of the few pleasant surprises of 1980. By the time you read this the Johnny Van Zant Band will have released its second album.

by Charley Crespo



Gary Gershoff
Johnny Van Zant on stage: "We got to do good, or else Ronnie will come back and beat our asses."

brother's son, Jimmy Van Zant, with his new group, Jacksonville, comanaging the band with the area's concert promoter. Papa Vee is now also looking toward the artistic fruition of yet

another relative, 14-year-old "little Ronnie" Van Zant, whom Papa Vee claims is already a dazzling guitarist.

Out for an afternoon drive in his dad's Grand Le

Mans, Johnny confesses he doesn't think he'll ever move away from the Jax area. On its return from a tour of eastern U.S. markets, the Johnny Van Zant Band (Van Zant, Morris, guitarists Erik Lundgren and Robbie Gay, and bassist Danny Clausman) found three large billboards in key locations welcoming the band home and announcing a concert with the Outlaws at a local arena. The town and its businesses have the utmost respect for the Van Zants. Surely living among people who appreciate you is quite gratifying.

Johnny points as we drive by his old high school, Edward H. White High School, named after a dead astronaut no one remembers. Robbie says the red brick, single-level building looks like a jail in that it has no windows. Neither can recall pleasant experiences from their years there.

A few more local landmarks are pointed out, each with a humorous, brief anecdote, until we get to the Jacksonville Memory Gardens, the cemetery where Johnny's eldest brother rests. Flower arrangements decorate the tombs of Ronnie Van Zant and Steve and Cassie Gaines, the two other Skynyrd members that died in the untimely plane crash in 1977. Beside the tombstone is a bench, on which is inscribed a poem Charlie Daniels read at the funeral. Ronnie's tombstone bears a few scratches, but is generally unmarred by the fans paying tribute. Johnny says fans occasionally leave joints there. He doesn't go there much, he says. "It's too depressing."

Back at the house, Sister offers us some ham and cheese sandwiches. The conversation drifts back to Jimmy Van Zant and the immediate family's musical heritage. "The way I look at it, there's three original Van Zants," Johnny says. "If Jimmy don't do good, it's not because of us," he adds with a laugh.

"We got to do good," Johnny says more seriously, "or else Ronnie will come back and beat our asses." □

SUPERTRAMP

YA GOTTA BELIEVE

Success Comes to Those With Luck.

by Andy Secher

"To be perfectly honest, I think luck has been the real reason for our success," Supertramp's bearded woodwind ace John A. Helliwell joked as he scrunched his long, lean frame under a tiny New York restaurant table. With his thick eyeglasses and receding hair line, he hardly resembled your average rock and roll star, but then, Supertramp has never been your average rock and roll band. Over the last decade, on albums like *Crisis*, *What Crisis?* and 1979's multimillion-selling *Breakfast In America*, Helliwell and cohorts Rick Davies (keyboards, vocals), Roger Hodgson (guitar), Bob C. Benberg (drums), and Dougie Thomson (bass), proved one of contemporary music's most eccentric and popular bands. Now, with their latest, a live double-record set entitled *Paris*, also attaining platinum status, Supertramp has again used their distinctive brand of art-rock to create one of the biggest commercial successes of the year.

"Actually, the popularity of our albums surprises us as much as anyone," Helliwell stated with typical candor. "To be sure, the success of *Breakfast In America* went way beyond our wildest expectations, and *Paris* seems to have done almost as well. I mean we're far from what you'd call a new band. We've had our moments of success over the past five years or so, but it's quite a different story to have your albums shoot right to the top of the charts."

For Supertramp, their recent success has come only after years of struggling to expand the artistic boundaries of popular music. Since their inception in London during the spring of 1970, they have perfected a style that avoids much of the predictability inherent in so many current musical trends. They have blended elements of jazz, rock and pop into an entertaining hybrid, and drawn an ever-increasing number of fans to their work.

It wasn't until 1974, however, that band founders Hodgson and Davies could finally stabilize the group's lineup and record an album that reflected Supertramp's unique musical vision. That record, *Crime of the Century*, quickly reached the top of the charts in England (with the single *Dreamer* going to Number One) and, perhaps more importantly, provided the group with their initial foothold in the States.

"There's no denying that *Crime of the Century* was the turning point for us," Helliwell said. "That was the first album for Dougie, Bob and I, and it opened a

lot of doors for us, especially in England and on the Continent. The States were a little slow to catch on, but once they did, about six months after *Crime* peaked in Europe, they quickly developed into our strongest market. We have the ability to appeal to both European and American tastes because of the different musical influences we have in the band. Bob, for instance, who's from California, just loves the West Coast 'surfing' sound, while Roger is heavily into jazz. I tend to like the progressive English bands of the early '70s like Procol Harum and Spooky Tooth. So, as you can see, we have quite

forward." That album, with such numbers as *The Logical Song*, represented the band's musical ideal. In its distinctive high-pitched harmonies and inventive instrumental approach, it almost single-handedly reenergized the entire art-rock movement's flagging spirits. As that album reached the top of the charts, Supertramp suddenly found themselves in the unexpected position of being music industry pacesetters — the band at the forefront of rock's return to intricately developed and precisely executed music. Now, with *Paris* following the path blazed by *Breakfast* to the pinnacle of chart



Supertramp, from left: John Helliwell, Bob Benberg, Rick Davies, Roger Hodgson, Dougie Thomson.

a musical mix going into each of our albums.

"When we first all got together," he continued, "we were always looking for a way to harness all of these different influences. I think we started to do that rather effectively on the albums that followed *Crime of the Century*. That trend is very apparent on *Crisis*, *What Crisis?* which I guess you could call our great attempt at social commentary, and also, to a lesser extent, on *Even in the Quietest Moments*, which, quite honestly, represented more of a lateral step for us than a major step forward."

While the *Quietest Moments* album failed to fulfill the artistic promise of its predecessors, Supertramp's next release, the highly acclaimed *Breakfast In America*, proved to be that "major step

success, it seems that Supertramp has finally proven that quality music will be accepted by the masses when it is presented with style and class.

"I hope that if nothing else, we've shown that commercially-oriented music can be presented with some degree of creativity," Helliwell said. "My favorite Supertramp songs are those that avoid predictability and repetitive beat. I like to call what we do 'sophisticated rock,' meaning that while it's still unquestionably rock, it exhibits certain characteristics that make it somewhat more complex and sophisticated. We play with a lot of energy, but our energy is always controlled. That's the whole key to our success," he said with a laugh. "We like to make rock work for us instead of being its slave." □

Depending on what state you're from when you read this brief sea song and how far you are from the Pacific word of the Beach Boys' 20th anniversary will either fail to stir a ripple of recognition or throw you back reeling fondly under an earlier wave of sunny rock and roll. Come to California ... Surf's up ... It's always summer ... We'll have fun, fun, fun ... Let's go!

The Beach Boys are still Alan Jardine, Michael Love, Brian, Carl, and Dennis Wilson, all brothers, friends and cousins. On New Year's Eve, at the Los Angeles Forum, they celebrated this milestone occasion with a concert as spirited as their very first major date on New Year's Eve 1961, at the Long Beach Arena, as part of a tribute to Richie Valens.

This New Year's, though, belonged to both the Beach Boys and their worldwide following. It is especially significant since the group only now, after 20 years, is beginning to see a future they thought did not exist.

"Twenty years ago," Carl Wilson told **Hit Parader** in Westwood, California, "I don't think any one of us thought we had a future. Did you?" Carl asked turning to check with Mike Love. "We didn't know anything would come of it, really."

"I think we all just did whatever we did spontaneously," Love added, "not with a whole lot of plotting, planning and scheming about a career. It was catch as catch can."

"Aren't we just now dealing with goals?" Wilson asked laughing. "We keep wanting to set some goals. We talked about goals ten years ago, but we forgot. We got wrapped up in what we were doing."

The same year as their Long Beach launching, the Beach Boys released their first record, *Surfin'*. John F. Kennedy entered the White House and Alan Shepard, Jr. became the first American in space. The next year, satellites whizzed into space, the Twist became an international dance craze, and the Beach Boys scored a double smash with 409, an ode to a Chevy engine,

and (*Rock And Roll Music*), but the Beach Boys' high tide had pretty much ebbed. They then spread their beach blanket in Japan, Australia, Texas. They found their hits still sounded fresh to new and younger audiences, now three generations deep, as well as to their older fans. In 1974, came **Endless Summer**, a double album compilation of early Beach Boy hits that also topped the charts. Brian rejoined the group in concert in 1976, and last year the group performed for half-a-million people at a free July 4th concert at Washington Monument.

The Beach Boys fully intend to go on making waves. Other projects on the drawing board include a "symphonic tour," a Beach Boys movie, and a series of huge concerts. More group and solo recording is already underway, and the classic, simple formula that worked so well two decades ago continues to guarantee the Beach Boys a future in records, concerts and film.

It's a formula that can hardly be imitated, let alone duplicated, a formula which Mike Love describes as "four, sometimes five-part harmony, some unique chord patterns and vocal arrangements, usually something positive or uplifting on top of that harmonious sound, backed by basic rock and roll."

In the music business, where the odds are stacked against a group sticking together so long, the Beach Boys' anniversary represents quite an accomplishment. They give you that warm family feeling that can come only from people who have stayed together a long, long time and are still hopeful and young kept in the eternal spring of their endless summer by a good song and an audience — "millions and millions" of people getting younger every year.

Says Mike, "John Wayne once said, 'The longer you stay around, the more likely you are to become a legend.'" And the Beach Boys have done both.

Even if they say so themselves, long may they wave. □

THE BEACH BOYS

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

Twenty Years of Smooth Surfing on an Ocean Without Waves.

by Ed Ochs



Mike Love, Carl Wilson, Brian Wilson, Al Jardine and Bruce Johnston at the dedication ceremonies for their Star on Hollywood Blvd. for "outstanding contributions to the recording industry."

and *Surfin' Safari*.

Following Kennedy's assassination in 1963, the '60s soon began to sour. But through it all, the Beach Boys dominated the pop charts with, to name just a few, *Surfin' U.S.A.*, *Little Deuce Coupe*, *In My Room*, *Fun, Fun, Fun* and *I Get Around*. Brian Wilson retired from the road in 1964, but the group continued to top the charts

through 1965 to '66 with *Help Me Rhonda*, *California Girls*, *Barbara Ann* and *Good Vibrations*, their first million-seller, went to number one. **Pet Sounds** was considered by critics, fans and musicians alike as one of the most important pop albums ever.

The Beach Boys had more hit records during the late '60s (*Do It Again*) and '70s (*Sail On Sailor*)

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DREAMER

(As recorded by The Association)

MOON MARTIN

I can't believe you got that attitude
You've been so cold and rude
Baby when you gonna give it up
Tell me are we breaking up.

I know what you wanna do
You wanna leave me blue.

Dreamer, dreamer
Dreamer, dreamer.

You've been telling everyone and all
Just how I'm gonna fall
When I do you gonna be right there
To walk away and show me you
don't care.

I know what you wanna do
You wanna leave me blue.

Dreamer, dreamer
Dreamer, dreamer.
I remember when
She was in my skin
Though it's wearin' thin
She thinks she's gonna win.
Dreamer, dreamer
Dreamer, dreamer.

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KISS ON MY LIST

(As recorded by Daryl Hall and John Oates)

JANNA ALLEN
DARYL HALL

My friends wonder why I call you all
the time

What can I say

I don't feel the need to give such
secrets away

You think maybe I need help

No I know I'm right

All right I'm just better off not
listening to friends' advice

When they insist on knowing my
bliss

I tell them this

When they want to know what the
reason is

I only smile when I lie

Then I tell them why.

Because your kiss, your kiss is on
my list

Because your kiss, your kiss is on
my list

Because your kiss is on my list of the
best things in life

Because your kiss, your kiss is on
my list

Because your kiss, your kiss I can't
resist

Because your kiss is what I miss
When I turn out the light.

I go crazy wondering what there is to
really see

Did the night just take up your time
'Cause it means more to me
Sometimes I forget what I'm doing
I don't forget what I want, I want
Regret what I've done regret you
I couldn't go on

But if you insist on knowing my bliss
I'll tell you this

If you want to know what the reason
is

I'll only smile when I lie
Then I'll tell you why.

Because your kiss, your kiss is on
my list

Because your kiss, your kiss is on
my list

Because your kiss is on my list of the
best things in life

Because your kiss, your kiss is on
my list

Because your kiss, your kiss I can't
resist

Because your kiss is what I miss
When I turn out the light.

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FIREFLIES

(As recorded by Fleetwood Mac)

STEVIE NICKS

To be the last to leave
The last to be gone
Stolen from the ones
Who hung onto it.

To be the last in line
The ones that live on
Silhouette of a dream
Treasured by the ones
Who hung onto it.

Almost a breakdown of our love affair
The stiletto cuts quick
Like a whip through the air.

Long distance winners where we survive the flight
No one ever runs
From the fire light.

Love to believe
I believe what you say

CRYING

(As recorded by Don McLean)

ROY ORBISON JOE MELSON

I was all right for a while
I could smile for a while
But I saw you last night
You held my hand real tight
As you stopped to say "hello"
Oh you wished me well
You couldn't tell that I'd been crying
over you
Crying over you
When you said "so long"
Left me standing all alone
Alone and crying, crying, crying,
It's hard to understand

GIMME SOME SLACK

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

I wanna shake like La Guardia
Magic mouth in the sun
Train ride to the court yard
Before you can run
Down at the end of lonely street
Where no one takes a walk
Someone's lying at your feet
And someone's getting off
Just gimme me slack
Just gimme some slack.
The seven floors of walk up
The odor-musted cracks

The drama of the moment
Oh there's no easy way
No one ever leaves.

Ev'ryone stays close
Til the fire fades
To be the last to leave
What caused the fearsome divorce
in the night

No competition
To survive, do it right
You believe in the five
To survive the distance
Ev'ryone fights.

Ev'ryone fights and the fire flies
At the risk of my feelings
Dreamers in the night
Some call it our nightmare
And my five fire flies
Like a sailing ship
Not one of us runs
Ev'ryone stays and the fire never
fades.

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But the touch of your hand can start
me crying.

I thought that I was over you
But it's true, so true
I love you even more than I did
before
But darling what can I do
For you don't love me and I'll always
be
Crying over you
Crying over you
Yes now you're gone and from this
moment on
I'll be crying, crying, crying, crying
Yeah crying, crying over you.

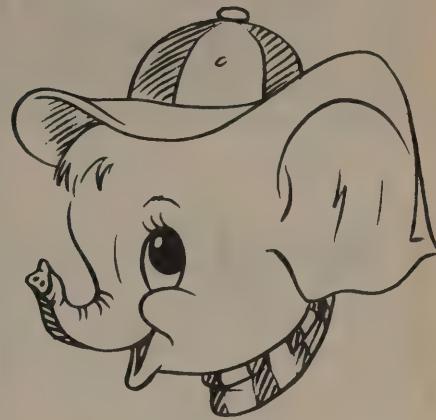
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The peeping-keyhole introverts
With the monkeys on their backs
The rooftops strung with frauleins
The pastel pinned-up sails
The eighteen-color roses
Against your face so pale.

I wanna float like Euripides
All visions intact
I'm all right with Fellini flends
Tripping over the track
Down at the end of lonely street
Where no one takes a chance
Someone's in the cheap light
And someone wants to dance.

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MORNING TRAIN (Nine To Five)

(As recorded by Sheena Easton)

FLORRIE PALMER

I wake up ev'ry morning
I stumble out of bed
A stretching and a yawning
Another day ahead it seems to last
forever
And time goes slowly by
Till babe and me's together
Then it starts to fly
'Cause the moment babe is with me
Time can take a flight
The moment that he's with me
Ev'rything's alright
Night time is the right time
We make love
That is his and my time
We take off.

My baby takes the morning train
He works from nine to five
And then he takes another home
again

THE TIDE IS HIGH

(As recorded by Blondie)

JOHN HOLT

The tide is high but I'm holdin'
I'm gonna be your number one
I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up
just like that oh no
It's not the things you do that tease
and hurt me bad
But it's the way you do the things
you do to me
I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up
just like that oh no.

The tide is high but I'm holdin'
I'm gonna be your number one,
number one.

Ev'ry girl wants you to be her man
But I'll wait my dear till it's my turn
I'm not the kind-a girl who gives up
just like that oh no.

The tide is high but I'm holdin'
I'm gonna be your number one,
number one, number one
The tide is high but I'm holdin'
I'm gonna be your number one.

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To find me waiting for him
He takes me to a movie or to a
restaurant
To go slow dance or boogie
anything I want
Only when he's with me
I catch a light
Only what he give me
Make me feel alright
Work all day earn his pay
So we can play all night
All day I think of him
Dreaming of him constantly
I'm crazy mad for him
And he's crazy mad for me.

When (and) he steps off that train
Amazingly full of fight
(He) Work all day (to) earn his pay
So we can play all night.

He's always on that morning train
He works from nine to five.
(Repeat chorus)

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TOO TIGHT

(As recorded by Con Funk Shun)

MICHAEL V. COOPER

Magic of your smile lights my candle
Tenderness we share makes me
know that you care
Something 'bout the way your touch
warms me with gladness
Me happy baby in the sweetest way
Chases away all the sadness
Some right some wrong
Sweet light sweet song
It's so weak it's so long
It's too tight
It's too strong.

Million dollar feeling is all over my
body

Sing it to the ceiling lord
So we know what you're hummin'
Cast your faith in my direction
Lay your sweet hand in mine
So glad I'm your selection lord
I think our love will stand the test of
time

Some right some wrong
Sweet light sweet song
It's so weak it's so long
It's too tight
It's too strong.

Some right some wrong
Sweet light sweet song
It's so weak it's so long
It's too tight it's too strong.

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DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME

(As recorded by The Police)

STING

Young teacher the subject of school
girl fantasy
She wants him so badly
Knows what she wants to be
Inside her there's longing
This girl's an open page book
marking
She's so close now
This girl is half his age.

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me.

Her friends are so jealous
You know how bad girls get
Sometimes it's not so easy
To be the teacher's pet
Temptation frustration so bad it
makes him cry

Wet bus stop she's waiting
His car is warm and dry.

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me.

Loose talk in the classroom
To hurt they try and try
Strong words in the staff room
The accusations fly
It's no use he sees her
He starts to shake and cough
Just like the old man in that book by
Nabakov.

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
(Please don't stand so close to me).

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STAYING WITH IT

(As recorded by Firefall)

TOM SNOW
JOHN LEWIS PARKER

This is it
This is what I've waited for so long
Starting now
Gotta trust these feelings coming on
Take a chance
Even though I feel like I should run.

I'm stayin' with it
Let my heart take me there
Got a feelin'
Ooh I'm headin' somewhere
I'm deep in it and I really do care
Wait a minute now
Boy don't walk out.

I can see, I can see your disbelievin'
eyes

Don't you know
Holdin' back your love is so unwise
Take a chance
Ain't it time you took a lover's stand.

I'm stayin' with it
Let my heart take me there
Got a feelin'
Ooh I'm headin' somewhere
I'm deep in it and I really do care.

I'm stayin' with it
Let my heart take me there
Got a feelin'
Ooh I'm headin' somewhere
I'm deep in it and I really do care
Wait a minute now
Boy don't walk out.

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HEARTS ON FIRE

(As recorded by Randy Meisner)

ERIC KAZ
RANDY MEISNER

I had myself a tall one
Waitin' at the bar
I wasn't gonna leave here
Til I had her in the car
The moon was growing bright
The stars were standin' still
A-waitin' for my baby
In the cold December chill.

I been achin' from desire
Her blood's runnin' like a ragin' river
But her heart's on fire.

I couldn't write a letter
Cause I don't know what to say
I couldn't write a song
Cause I don't know what to play
Come a little closer
You better hold me tight
Gonna roll on down the highway
Rock on with my baby all night.

I been achin' from desire
Her blood's runnin' like a ragin' river
But her heart's on fire.

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RAPTURE

(As recorded by Blondie)

DEBORAH HARRY
CHRIS STEIN

Toe to toe dancing very close
Body breathing almost comatose
Wall to wall people hypnotized
And they're stepping lightly
Hang each night in rapture.

Fab five Freddy told me everybody's
fly

DJ spinnin' I said my my
Flash is fast, flash is cool
Fransoir cepa flashe no deau
And you don't stop sure shot
Go out to the parking lot and get in
your car

And drive real far and you drive all
night

And then you see a light
And it comes right down
And it lands on the ground
And out comes the man from Mars
And you try to run but he's got a gun
And he shoots you dead and he eats
your head

And then you're in the man from
Mars

You go out at night eating cars
You eat Cadillacs, Lincolns too
Mercuries and Subaru and you don't
stop

You keep on eating cars
Then when there's no more cars you
go out at night
And eat up bars

When the people meet face to face
Dance cheek to cheek
One to one, man to man
Dance toe to toe
Don't move too slow

'Cause the man from Mars is
through with cars
He's eating bars yeah
Wall to wall
Door to door
Hall to hall he's gonna eat 'em all
Rapture

Be pure take a tour
Through the sewer
Don't strain your brain
Paint a train
You'll be singin' in the rain
Baby don't stop do punk rock.

Well now you see what you wanna
be

Just have your party on T.V.
'Cause the man from Mars won't eat
up bars

Where the T.V.'s on
And now he's gone back up to space
Where he won't have to hassle with
the human race

And you hip hop and you don't stop
Just blast off
A sure shot

'Cause the man from Mars stopped
eatin' cars and eatin' bars
And now he only eats guitars
Get down.

Back to back
Sacroiliac
Spineless movement
And a wild attack
Face to face
Sightless solitude
And it's finger popping
Twenty-four hour shopping
In rapture.

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TURN ME LOOSE

(As recorded by Loverboy)

PAUL DEAN
MIKE RENO

I was born to run
I was born to dream
The craziest boy you ever seen
I gotta do it my way

Or no way at all

And I was here to please
I'm even on my knees
Makin' love to whoever I please

I gotta do it my way
Or no way at all.

And then you came around
Tried to tie me down
I was such a clown

You had to have it your way
Or no way at all

'Cause I've had all I can take
I can't take it no more

I'm gonna pack my bags and fly

My way or no way at all.

So why don't you turn me loose
Turn me loose
Turn me loose
I gotta do it my way
Or no way at all.
I'm here to please
I'm even on my knees
Makin' love to whoever I please
I gotta do it my way
I gotta do it my way
And when you came around
You tried to tie me down
I was such a clown
You had to have it your way
Well I'm sayin' "no way".

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BEING WITH YOU

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson)

WILLIAM "Smokey" ROBINSON

I don't care what they think about me

And I don't care what they say
I don't care what they think
If you're leaving I'm gonna beg you to stay
I don't care if they start to avoid me
I don't care what they do
I don't care about anything else
But being with you
Being with you.

Honey don't go
Don't leave this scene
Be out of the picture and off of the screen
Don't let them say we told you so
Don't tell me you love me
And then let me go
I heard the warning voice
From friends and my relations
They tell me all about your heart-break reputation.

I don't care if they start to avoid me
I don't care what they do
I don't care about anything else
But being with you
Being with you.

People can change they always do
Haven't they noticed the changes in you
Or can it be that like love I am blind
Do I want it so much
Till it's all in my mind
One thing I know for sure is really, really real
I never felt before
The way you make me feel.

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SUKIYAKI (My First Lonely Night)

(As recorded by Taste Of Honey)

HACHIDAI NAKAMURA
ROKUSUKE EI

English Lyric by TOM LESLIE
and BUZZ CASON

I'll hold my head up high
Looking to the sky
So they won't see all the tears
That are in my eyes
No one will know I'm going through
My first lonely night without you.

I know the night will hide
Sadness I feel inside
No one will know for the smile on my lips won't tell them

HELLO AGAIN (Love Theme From "The Jazz Singer")

(As recorded by Neil Diamond)

NEIL DIAMOND
ALAN LINDGREN

Hello again, hello
Just called to say hello
I couldn't sleep at all tonight
And I know it's late
But I couldn't wait.

Hello my friend, hello
Just called to let you know
I think about you every night
When I'm here alone
And you're there at home
Hello.

Maybe it's been crazy
And maybe I'm to blame
But I put my heart above my head
We've been through it all
And you loved me just the same
And when you're not there
I just need to hear.

Hello my friend, hello
It's good to need you so
It's good to love you like I do
And to feel this way
When I hear you say
Hello.

Hello my friend, hello
Just called to let you know
I think about you every night
And I know it's late
But I couldn't wait
Hello.

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I'm losing you and going through
My first lonely night without you.

As I walk alone
The lonely winds seem to say
From this darkness on
All your nights will be this way
So I'll go on alone
Pretending you're not gone
But I can't hide all the moments of love we knew
Mem'ries of you
As I go through
My first lonely night without you.
(Repeat chorus)

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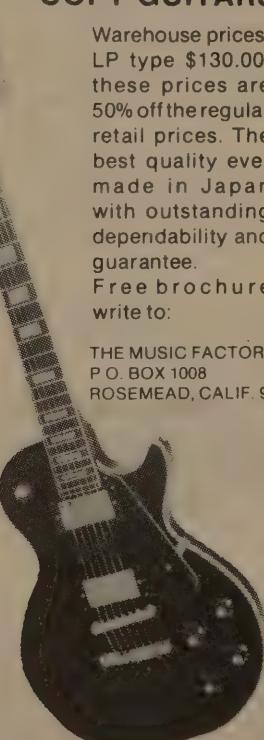
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THIGHS HIGH (Grip Your Hips And Move)

(As recorded by Tom Browne)

TOM BROWNE
TONI SMITH
SEKOU BUNCH

Thighs high to the sky
(Get your)
Thighs high to the sky
I wanna grip your hips and move
I wanna grip your hips and move
I wanna grip your hips and move
I wanna grip your hips and move.

Oh yeah, feel real good
With your body
Oh, it's so hot
You turn me on

Oh, in my eyes
You make me
You make me
You make me
(Your body moves, it's hot
Your body moves, it's hot
Your body moves, it's hot)
You make me wanna put my thighs
up to the sky with you.

Thighs high to the sky
Makes you laugh
Makes you cry.

Thighs high to the sky
Makes you wanna live
Makes you wanna die.

I wanna grip your hips and move.

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HE CAN'T LOVE YOU

(As recorded by The Michael Stanley Band)

KEVIN RALEIGH

Ev'ry day I feel love growin'
What you say about it showin'
And who's this guy sayin' that he
knows how to mystify
You know they just come and go
honey.

He wants to hold you
Don't you let him try
He says he needs you
But you better pass him by.
'Cause he can't love you like I love
you

Just let me prove it to you
He can't love you like I love you
So good as usin' you

But he can't love you like I love you
Well come on let the provin' begin
Ooh let me in, let me in
Let me in, let me in baby.

Any way that you want to
Anything that I can show you
Listen to me
You won't be regrettin'
And the time we spend
Well we won't be forgettin' baby.

'Cause when I hold you
Gonna show you why
It's like I told you
I'm no ordinary guy.
And he can't love you like I love you
Just let me prove it to you
He can't love you like I love you
So good at usin' you

But he can't love you like I love you
Well come on let the provin' begin
Ooh let me in, let me in
Let me in, let me in.

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GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

(As recorded by Ashford & Simpson)

NICKOLAS ASHFORD
VALERIE SIMPSON

Get out your handkerchief
You're gonna cry.

Get ready for this
It's a real humdinger
It's gonna sting a bit
But I can't bear to live alone with it
So get out your handkerchief
You're gonna cry.

It's a sad, sad story
How I did my lover wrong

And went out to play
I gambled my ev'rything
And now I've got to pay
So get out your handkerchief
You're gonna cry.

I hope you've got time
I hate to trouble you
Or knock on your door
I knew you'd understand
'Cause what are friends for
So get out your handkerchief
You're gonna cry.

Feel the rain fall from the sky
Falling down on you and I

Maybe you won't, maybe you will
Oh but when I'm through with you
You're gonna know just how I feel
So get out your handkerchief
You're gonna cry.

Are you ready for this
It's that old love story
Where one is left behind
But the only difference is
The heartache is mine.

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WHAT KIND OF FOOL

(As recorded by Barbra Streisand &
Barry Gibb)

BARRY GIBB
ALBHY GALUTEN

There was a time when we were
down and out
There was a place when we were
starting over
We let the bough break
We let the heartache in
Who's sorry now.

There was a time when we were
standing still
And for a moment we were separated
And then you found her
You let the stranger in
Who's sorry now.

Who's sorry now
What, what kind of fool tears it apart
Leaving me pain and sorrow
Losing' you now
Wondering why
Where will I be tomorrow.

Forever bendin' what we are to be
without each other
We'll be rememberin' when
There was a time when we were
down and out
There was a place when we were
starting over
We let the bough break
We let the heartache in
Who's sorry now
Who's sorry now.

What, what kind of fool tears it apart
Leaving me pain and sorrow
Losing' you now
How can I win
Where will I be tomorrow.

Was there a moment when I cut you
down played around
What have I done
I only apologize for being as they
say the last to know
It has to show when someone is in
your eyes.

What kind of fool tears it apart
Leaving me pain and sorrow
Losing' you now
Wondering why
Where will I be tomorrow.

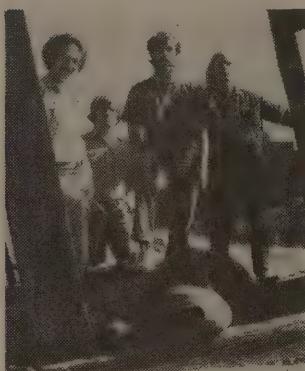
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Record Reviews

by Roy Trakin

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL The Royal Albert Hall Concert

"Here's one of those traditional country-western songs. We wrote it about a month ago," states Creedence Clearwater leader John Fogerty laconically, introducing one of the fourteen tunes on this belatedly released live set (which, it turns out, was actually recorded over 2 decades ago in California). "Anybody can make a record, y'know..."



But nobody made them like Creedence. Through their meteoric string of hit singles released between the years 1968 and 1973, CCR mined a vein of native American music and marked a refreshing return to rock and roll's roots. Creedence's music cut through the baroque, pseudo-Anglophilic psychedelia of their Bay Area contemporaries like a sharpened scythe. No one could ever dispute Fogerty & Company's ability to make records. The band uncannily reproduced the trebly, echoed sound of Sam Phillips' Sun studio, but it was Fogerty's thick, rich vocals that kicked rockabilly into the modern world, making such classic 45s as *Proud Mary*, *Bad Moon Rising*, *Travelin'*

Band and Who'll Stop The Rain, all included on this live collection.

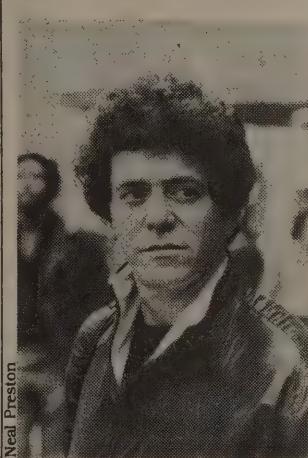
The pleasant surprise about **The Royal Albert Hall Concert** is that Creedence did not just run through their smashes note-for-note. Like the Band, Creedence never veered too far from formula, but certainly **Royal Albert Hall** is most exciting during those fleeting moments when the band loosens up. You can hear it in the slight bristle of J. Fogerty's plaintive delta yearning, with urgency fighting a solid, if losing, battle with restraint. Similarly, drummer Doug Clifford allows the human element to sneak in with a whacking percussion sound that leaps out of the grooves.

The current crop of rockabilly revivalists would do well to consider this disc. It displays a lively authenticity that no mere student of the genre could possibly grasp, let alone convey. Ten years later, Creedence Clearwater Revival sounds right up to date.

LOU REED *Rock 'n' Roll Diary* 1967-1980

Unless you've lived in a sensory deprivation tank for the past fifteen years, you know who Lou Reed is. In the mid-'60s, he and Welsh classical musician John Cale formed the Velvet Underground. The group was managed by pop artist Andy Warhol who put them on the road in a spectacular multimedia event (remember those?) known as the Exploding Plastic Inevitable. They made four harrowing albums that exposed the seamy underbelly of the late '60s counterculture's acid-soaked dreams of peace and love. Songs like *Heroin*, *Venus in Furs*,

Femme Fatale, *I'm Waiting for the Man* and *White Light/White Heat*, all of which left little to the imagination in their lurid detail, but still managed to seek redemption for man even in his squalor and pain.



Having grown up in the '70s, I discovered Lou Reed's solo career and later Velvets' material like *Sweet Jane* and *Rock 'n' Roll* before I heard the earliest albums. **Rock 'n' Roll Diary** takes you from *Waiting for the Man* through *Street Hassle*, with a healthy mixture of tunes from each of Reed's many stylistic periods. If you don't have any of this (some quite rare) stuff, by all means, go out and turn on to one of the most literate songwriters in rock, a middle-class Jewish boy (from Freeport, Long Island, even) whose neuroses and hang-ups mirrored his generation's now seemingly aimless search for values.

Still this otherwise honorable project warrants a few complaints. First, the sound quality on the early MGM Velvets material suffers from the fact that Arista Records couldn't locate the original masters and had to record

the songs from the albums. Second, there is a not-surprising bias toward Lou's Arista period, reflected in the unfortunate inclusion of three tracks from last year's **Growing Up In Public**, not one of Reed's strongest works. Still, all in all, this is a long-overdue retrospective for the hard-edged NYC street poet who never feared letting it all hang out in public, often with a uniquely touching vulnerability.

QUEEN *Flash Gordon Soundtrack*

Pathetic record-buyers, who can save you now? Queen's got you coming and going. If they don't maul you with their pseudofunky *Another One Bites the Big One*, er, *Dust*, they'll hit you with a silly little pop song like *Crazy Little Thing Called Love*. And — just when you thought it was safe to go to the movies — here's Queen nailing you (again?) with the original soundtrack to the multimillion-dollar comic strip. But hey, at least the album's better



David Gahr

than the movie. Especially when peroxided Sam Jones as the hero announces his identity, "Flash Gordon, quarterback, New York Jets." Even Richard Todd never had to suffer so much humiliation.

Never say Queen can't stretch to fit any situation.

Frinstance, Freddie Merc and cohorts have turned a single hook into an entire album, a whole soundtrack consisting of but one musical riff, "Flash, oh-oh-oh..." Pretty nifty, hey? Wish I could say listeners were getting as good a deal.

Anyway, *Flash Gordon* is much funnier an album than Eno's *Music for Films*, though not quite up to the level of the *Apocalypse Now* soundtrack. Lots of grunts, groans and whooshing synthesizers, a veritable *Space Invaders* of the mind. Gee, if only Freddie himself played the role of Flash, I'd say Queen had made one of the most perfectly suited rock operas of all time. With Brian May as Ming and Roger Taylor as Dale Arden, right?

My recommendation? Don't see the film, don't buy the album, just send Freddie Mercury and the boys money so they can retire gracefully and stop this steady saturation of mass culture. I didn't mind hearing *Another One Bites the Dust* on football telecasts when someone sacked the quarterback—I just keep imagining it's Freddie and not Richard Todd getting hit.

ABBA Super Trouper

You know Abba—they're the cheery two-guy, two-gal Swedish group who sell more records internationally than anyone around, all the while coming across as an uneasy mixture of Stockholm Fleetwood Mac, the Scandinavian Chipmunks and Ingmar Spector. *Super Trouper* cranks out Bjorn-and-Benny Europop machine once again, and the set pieces have never sounded fresher or more modern. Abba's past strengths have never included their lyrics, but here the songs, inadvertently, raise some intriguing issues.

Strange, isn't it, that nowhere on the *Super Trouper* album cover or inner sleeve credits are the names of the two female members included, although both Benny Andersson and Bjorn

Ulvaeus are listed for their every contribution? And don't you find it a tad unusual that B&B are penning all the lyrics that Frida and Agnetha are singing? Especially when they're filled with such male fantasies of female fantasies like the title track, *The Winner Takes It All*, *On And On And On* and *Lay All Your Love On Me*. And what's even more perverse is the fact that at least one half of the two married couples—Bjorn and Agnetha—are not even together anymore. Even the ode to schizophrenia, *Me And I*, hints



not so subtly at Bjorn and Benny's psychosexual disintegration.

Super Trouper tries to toy with our notion of sexual identity by showing us a man can become a woman in the recording studio by the simple process of speeding up his voice. Still, there's no way you can synthesize thighs, hips and derrieres. Right, Bjorn? Right, Benny?

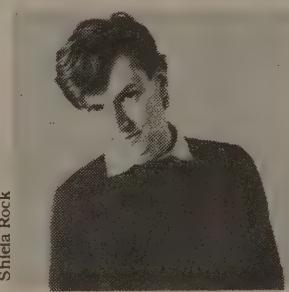
STEVE WINWOOD *Arc of a Diver*

It's been over three years since Steve Winwood's self-titled solo debut, and the musical landscape has changed greatly while the once-boy-wonder of the Spencer Davis Group and Traffic was away. Compared to today's snappier, less polished r&b and funk variations, *Arc of a Diver's* lavish orchestrations and elongated disco production numbers sound dated. Would that Winwood had returned to the Stevie days of yore in the seminal British soul combo, Spencer Gimme Some Lovin' Davis Group. What this record could use is precisely that breath of fresh air Winwood seems suffocatingly unable to provide. But that's what you get (or

don't get) when you spend too long making an LP—the trends begin to lap you.

One thing time can't erase, though, is Winwood's singing, which now challenges Boz Scaggs' for silky, blue-eyed soul at its most seductive. Maestro Winwood plays every instrument on the album, and the arrangements, particularly on the title track, are admirably methodical in an age of shoddy craftsmanship. Still, there is a feeling you can't escape that you are waiting for something to happen: It just never does.

While *Arc of a Diver* resembles Traffic's *Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys* in its epic scope and classic structure, there is neither excitement nor surprise, just the inevitability of finely tuned product. Where *Low Spark* sizzled with percussive tension and dramatic absurdity, *Diver* resembles someone swimming again for the first time in years—technique comes naturally, but the power is long since gone. In addition, Winwood reveals little of his own



Shelia Rock mysterious character in the lyrics, which are penned by, among others, the legendary Viv Stanshall, whose surrealistic, sexual imagery on the title tune represents *Arc of a Diver's* sole literary grace. Time to bring back Blind Faith.

THE JAM *Sound Affects*

In which the Jam grow yet more uncompromising. For their fifth album there are no Motown or soul covers, no British invasion chestnuts. Even their own Number 1 hit single *Going Underground* (British) is relegated to bonus 45 status. Paul Weller, Bruce

Foxton and Rick Buckler form a dense, frill-less guitar/bass/drums monolith. Theirs is a door-of-sound jammed tightly shut, impermeable to the occasional keyboard or horn venture. Weller's passionate, raw vocals are not immediate grabbers, either, undermixed as they are by singer/star standards and distanced by thick-as-Shepherd's-Pie working class accents and concerns. If it sounds discouraging to all you Americans, it should: through four LPs, it has.



And yet give it the flim, and *Sound Affects* affects. Foremost are the quiet numbers, *Monday* and *That's Entertainment*, soft and melodic, without being pretty or delicate. Propelled merely by acoustic guitar and nearly drummerless, *Entertainment* bespeaks a band that doesn't know the meaning of "take it easy." Faster acting, but not as resonant, is the latest U.K. 45, *Start!*, with its obvious and surprisingly humorless lift from the Beatles' *Taxman*. Are the Jam making light of the singles medium that, for all the quality of their albums, remain their finest minutes? *Going Underground* b/w *The Dreams of Children*, the bonus referred to above, is almost literally worth the price of the album alone, considering it'd run you three bucks alone as an import. One spin of the A-side is guaranteed to knock you flat: first hard rock, then Who harmonies, later a midtempo break. Dynamics and dynamic, you want to play it three times in a row to take it all in, the way you have to play *Sound Affects* proper three times in a row. Let others wait for *The Best of the Jam*, lend your heart to *Sound Affects* and catch up to one of the most vital British bands to emerge in the last five years. □

This is one crazy business," Styx' Dennis De Young moaned backstage as he carefully removed dust from the Yankee baseball jersey he wore onstage that night. "You know, sometimes I get the feeling that we're the most misunderstood band in rock and roll. I'm always hearing people say that we're an art-rock band like Yes, or a heavy metal group like Zeppelin, or even a pop band like the Bee Gees. Nobody seems to understand exactly what we do. I'll tell ya," he added with a laugh, "it's gotten to the point where even I'm getting a little confused."

But despite De Young's "confusion" Styx has managed to hold their position as a well-respected and commercially successful rock band. Over a ten-album career, vocalist/keyboardist De Young, guitarists Tommy Shaw and James Young, and twin brothers Chuck and John Panozzo on bass and drums respectively, adventurously combining hard-charging rhythms and richly textured melodies in a distinctive style, effectively bridge the gap between AM slickness and FM-style progressivism.

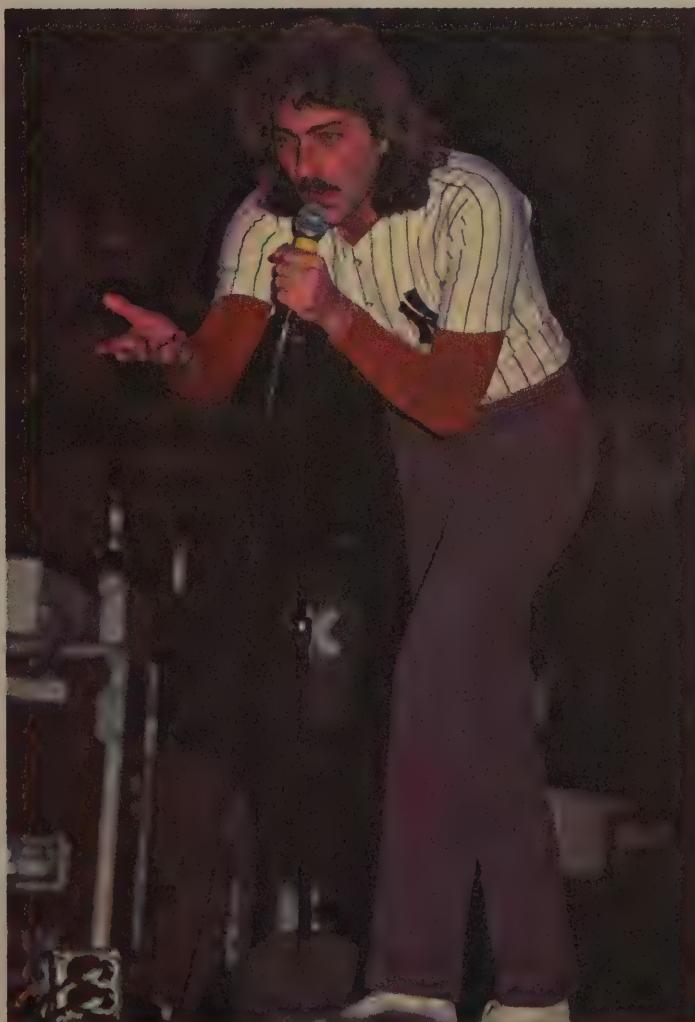
"We've really got a special mix of talent in this group," De Young observed. "We've got three excellent writers: Tommy gives us a lot of acoustically-oriented things while J.Y. [Young] likes real hard rock. I'm kind of in the middle, because I like ballads as well as straight-ahead rock and roll. This diversity gives us a style that's almost impossible to categorize or to copy — that's one reason we've been successful. Even though our musical tastes differ, we've learned to work within the Styx framework, and I think we've become an almost unbeatable team."

Despite their recent acclaim, however, Styx' history is actually a long and drawn out rags to riches tale. Back in 1963 the Panozzo brothers first joined De Young to form the Tradewinds. With Young and guitarist John Curulewski, the Tradewinds spent nearly a decade playing every bar and club in and around their native Chicago. Finally, in 1970, a tiny Midwestern record label, Wooden Nickel, "discovered" and signed the band. "Interest in mythology," inspired the band's name change to Styx. They recorded four albums on

STYX FLYING CIRCUS!

A Lot of Trial, A Lot of Error — The Best of Times.

by Andy Secher



Dennis De Young: "We like to think that Styx's rock and roll is the most exciting kind of all."

Wooden Nickle and carried out a hectic, nonstop tour through the Illinois-Indiana-Michigan rock belt. Still, their efforts had absolutely no impact whatsoever on the national rock scene.

"Looking back, that was really a frustrating time for us," De Young said. "Wooden Nickle wasn't bad; they were there when we needed them. But in all honesty, they just weren't big enough to promote us properly, not even in Chicago. They were into making a little money at a time and slowly building up the business. On the other hand, we had been around for something like eight or nine years, and we felt that we were ready for the big time. We knew that if we ever wanted to be more than a moderately successful local band, we'd have to get a bigger label."

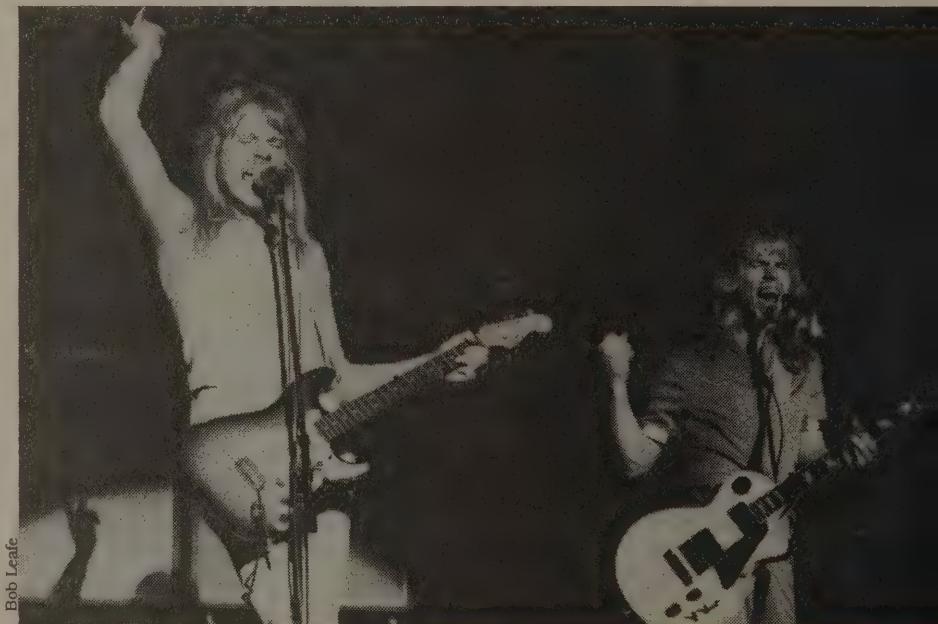
"We've really strived to keep that new attitude on *Paradise Theater*."

While signed to Wooden Nickle, Styx had recorded *Lady*, a bolero-style rocker that had become a radio staple throughout the Midwest. Slowly, the song got national airplay and brought the group A&M Records' attention. On the basis of Styx's Wooden Nickle LPs A&M believed they'd found what was perhaps "the sound" of the '70s. They quickly signed Styx and soon after saw Tommy Shaw replace Curulewski. Styx almost immediately hit their stride, creating a series of elaborately produced albums that highlighted the smooth vocal harmonies and intricate melodic structures that rapidly became their trademark. From *Equinox* and *The Grand Illusion*, featuring *Come Sail Away*, to *Pieces of Eight* and last year's triple-platinum *Cornerstone*, Styx soon established themselves as an audience favorite, packing coliseums and winning last year's People's Choice award.

"As strange as it may seem, I don't think we've really changed that much over the years," De Young said, running his fingers through his curly brown hair. "We still depend on our harmonies and our ability to play complicated yet very accessible rock and roll. But one big advantage we've had is the fact that it took us nearly ten years to become well known. That gave us time to grow and develop our talents. Each of our albums represents another step up the ladder. We've always strived to perfect our musical formula, and I think we came very close on



Styx, clockwise from left: Chuck Panozzo, Dennis De Young, James Young, John Panozzo, Tommy Shaw.



"Concerts are a special place where we can really let loose and have some fun."



The band picks up an extra magical element in concert.



Some may say that Styx is not a muscular band, but guitarist James Young proves them wrong.

Cornerstone last year, and we may have come even closer on our latest, **Paradise Theater**."

Indeed they have, for in the invigorating blend of acoustic subtlety and strident rock and roll power that characterizes virtually the whole album, Styx elaborates on many of the musical ideals first presented on **Cornerstone**.

"When we first did **Cornerstone**, we realized that we were at an artistic crossroad," De Young said. "We had become more and more popular with a rather predictable musical approach, and we knew that a formula sound like that tends to get repetitious after a while. We knew we'd have to be a little more adventurous and create an album that could stand as a cornerstone for the rest of our musical career."

"**Cornerstone** was the first time we had ever recorded a straight ballad like *Babe*, and that in itself was a major departure for us," he continued. "Before, we always built a number up until there was that inevitable 'crash' somewhere in the middle. Getting over the temptation to always rely on that same musical style was one of the most difficult things we had ever encountered. We've tried to break down as many of our old conventions as possible while making a representative Styx

album. We've really strived to keep that new attitude on **Paradise Theater**. It was truly a double challenge, and I think we faced those challenges rather well."

On **Paradise Theater**, Styx has again demonstrated their sophistication in capturing musical nuance in the studio. Once again they seem peerless musical craftsmen and innovators.

proficient studio bands like Boston or Kansas, Styx's music picks up an extra magical element outside the studio's sterile confines. J. Y. and Shaw roam the stage, unleashing their patented wall-of-guitar thunder, while the Panozzos lay down a rock-steady beat, and De Young switches back and forth between his battery of keyboards and his duties as lead

"It's gotten to the point where even I'm getting a little confused."

"We feel very comfortable in the studio," De Young stated. "One of our strengths as a band is our ability to break down the components that make up our sound, and polish each individual aspect of our overall style. When you have a battery of keyboards, bass, drums, and two guitars involved in a single song, you have to understand the way a recording studio works. We know exactly how to achieve what we like to think of as the 'Styx sound.'

Even in view of their continued recording success, De Young believes that Styx is best in concert. Unlike any number of technically

vocalist. Styx swirls like a whirlwind of rock and roll energy.

"Our music was always meant to be played live," De Young said. "To us, concerts are a special place where we can really let loose and have some fun. I think that playing a live show is still the ultimate form of expression for a rock performer, because you can experience the feedback from the people and feel the energy flow. When we play live, our main intention is to show exactly how exciting rock and roll can be, and, quite honestly, we like to think that Styx's rock and roll is the most exciting kind of all." □

BOB SEGER

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

Rock and Roll as a Matter of Life and Death.

by Crispin Cioe

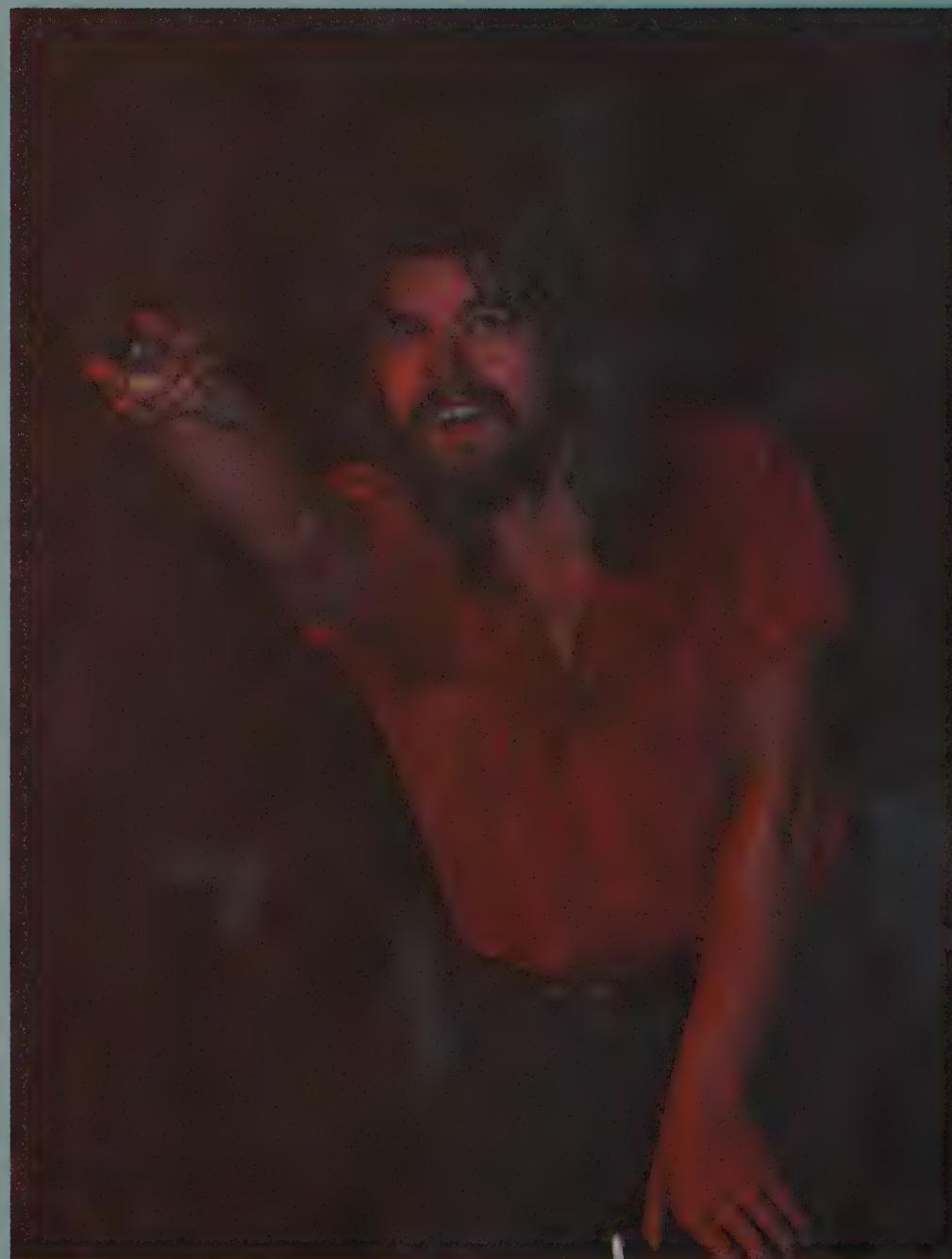
If Bob Seger had doubts about his place as a world-class rock and roll heavyweight, 1980 should have dispelled them completely. Last year, his triple-platinum LP **Against the Wind** yielded three Top-10 singles and became his first gold album in England. He was consistently the top box-office draw over an extensive American tour, during which he put on what were easily some of the finest shows of his long, road-house-to-riches career, ending with a series of triumphant European concert dates. And this spring, he and the Silver Bullet Band embark on a first-ever tour of Japan and Australia.

But things aren't always what they seem, and perhaps no one knows that better than Bob Seger. Given the pinnacle of success he's now reached, Seger is still a remarkably down-to-earth musician who's totally committed to rock and roll.

Item: When he heard of John Lennon's tragic death, Bob was so devastated that he nearly cancelled the last leg of his European tour.

Item: Seger is a dedicated friend and fan of Bruce Springsteen, and rumor has it that in years gone by Seger was uneasy performing when Bruce was in the audience. Last year, however, Bob joined the Boss onstage to sing *Thunder Road*, Midwestern style, proving that rock and roll never forgets.

Item: When I visited Seger and band on tour last year, I first ran into Bob in a Fort Worth, Texas hotel lobby. He was clad in nondescript, well-worn



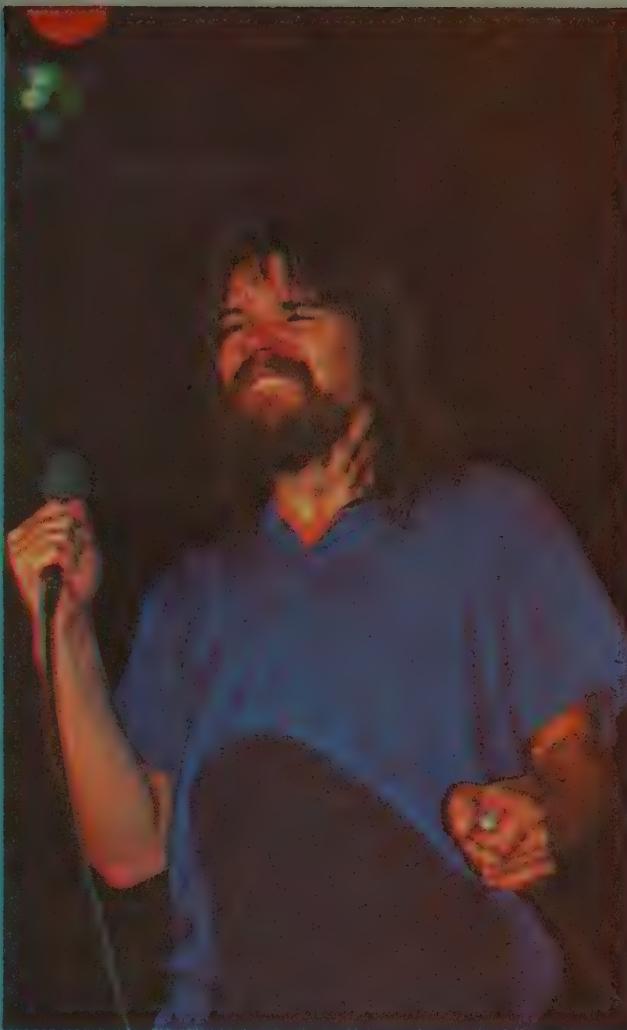
Bob Seger's biggest influence? James Brown, the Stones, Bruce Springsteen.

jeans and a genuine, vintage '64 Beatles cap. He was so anonymous-looking that a gaggle of thrill-seeking blonds in the lobby didn't even notice him as he slipped into the elevator.

Ironically, though, **Against the Wind** was criticized in some circles for not rocking as hard as his previous album, **Stranger In Town**. During our interview, Bob spoke freely about making that album, stating "I just didn't feel like making *Son of Hollywood Nights* or *Son of Feel Like A Number*. Actually, the song *Nine Tonight* that we did for the movie *Urban Cowboy* fit more into that kind of category musically. We originally had twenty-three tunes for **Against the Wind**, which was first going to be entitled *No Man's Land*.

"As for the range of tunes on this album — the mix of ballads, midtempo tunes and rockers — I guess I'd have to say that I like variation. It's just a lot more fun as a songwriter to be able to write in different tempos, colors and atmospheres — that's really the challenge. If I only did blues, or reggae, or any one style, it'd just get boring for me as a writer. On the other hand, I almost left *Fire Lake* off the album, which is a song I first wrote seven years ago. I always thought it was a good tune, but since the groove is sort of between country and rock, and certainly not the kind of thing I'd ever recorded before, I was a little skeptical about whether people would like it. But the Eagles and my producer Bill Szymczyk talked me into leaving it on, and it turned out to be the album's first hit single."

Seger's friendship with Eagle Glenn Frey goes back to their teenage years as struggling young musicians in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Bob fondly remembers that they both were weaned on "hard soul music, and I guess the first big hero was James Brown. I mean, Elvis Presley was cool, but by that time, the early to mid-60s, he was already into a Las Vegas-type act. Colonel Parker had already convinced Elvis that rock and roll



"Me and my buddies were always around downtown, coping beer, cruising the back streets."

wasn't gonna last. Hah!

"But me and Glenn both got our start playing fraternity parties and long-term engagements at bars, roadhouses really. In the early days of the Silver Bullet Band, the early 70s, I guess we still had a big r&b influence in the music:

stop. Bob Seger has always been one of the strongest, least affected songwriters in rock. From classic oldies like *Rambling Gambling Man* to midtempo ballads like *You'll Accomp'ny Me* to new-yet-old rockers like *Horizontal Bop*, he's managed to stay with the

"We love to play rock and roll, we were raised on it, and we have fun doing it."

stops, pauses, total silence, all kinds of rhythm things. You see, before we had all the hit songs that people know from the radio, when we'd play a place like Wichita we had to do stuff like those old r&b effects just to catch the audience's attention and get 'em listening."

Of course, once the hits started coming, they didn't

basics without sounding hackneyed or trite. But when you talk to Bob about this, his realistic almost modest attitude shines through. First and foremost, Bob believes that "if you're talking about our songs, you're talking about the Silver Bullet Band, which contributes greatly to the rock and roll spirit of

everything I do. Drew Abbott's really a great guitar player, very strong and inventive. Dave Teegarden, our drummer plays so funky. Alto Reed is, of course, a monster sax player and an inspiration onstage, while Chris Campbell's bass playing really nails everything down. And our three girls who sing backup in the studio and on the road — Shaun Murphy, Kathy Lamb and Colleen Beaton — are great. Two of them sang on the original version of *Rambling Gambling Man* in '68, so you can see the show's got its own roots. We love to play rock and roll, we were raised on it, and we have fun doing it.

"As far as other influences, I'd have to say that the Rolling Stones have always helped define rock and roll for me: together for 18 years or so, and they always had a good back-beat, always sounded funky, always sounded real, and always had roots. In the last few years, I'd also have to say that Bruce Springsteen has had a big influence on me, too. Like, when his first albums came out, I loved them, right off the bat. I began to realize that a song didn't have to just be verse, verse, chorus — that you could open a song up to tell a story and still have it be just as direct and forceful. And that kind of influence probably first started showing up on things like *Night Moves*."

When it comes to gut-level inspiration, though, Bob Seger's never been short on ideas or original sources, and one thing he said went right to the heart of what he and his music are all about.

"At least once a year," he said, "I go back to Ann Arbor, where I grew up, and walk all around the town, all through the city's streets because that's what I did as a kid. My family was always pretty broke, so it was always on foot. You know, me and my buddies were always around downtown, coping beer, cruising the back streets, trying to walk like the heroes, walking down on Main Street. And those are things you never forget." □

SO YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK STAR?

A Day in the Life of an A&R Man.

by Janel Bladow

Richard Steinberg doesn't know how he does it. He needs sleep; his bloodshot eyes prove it. But the motto of the A&R man is never say quit (or is it "sleep"?). He cracks a smile. "I manage," he smirks.

Long hours, little time off, tons of rubber chicken airplane dinners and jet lag are major occupational hazards of his job. Artists and Repertoire at Atlantic Records in New York City.

While listing his numerous functions, he talks 'businesse,' the jargon of all A&R men. I form my first impression of what makes a good one: Get down corporate rhetoric while keeping up the appearance of a musician, songwriter, singer, someone on the creative end of the biz. I've heard Richard is as good as they come, and he certainly sounds and looks the part. His black hair is shoulder-length shaggy. He's wearing a black cowboy shirt with white piping and embroidery, jeans and a black leather jacket. He sits behind a desk cluttered with papers, master tapes and an unopened carton of milk. His Rockefeller Center office is the size of a Port-o-san and bare except for a wall of silvery Kenwood and Pioneer equipment. With two years experience behind him, Richard has the gig down. But as for what that gig entails...

"First is pursuit, acquisition of new talent, acts," he begins. Translated: Find new bands and performers to sign with the label. Those who will make platinum records.

"Second is working with established acts, procuring songs, material, producers, backup musicians, arrangers. Aid in the direction the artist's career takes." In other words: Get the sound the company and artist want, that is, a hit. "It's not all churning out hits," he adds, almost as if he's reading my mental rewrite. "I work with the manager, head of the label and sales people to mold an image." Which simply means: Design a look and sound that sells.

"And finally, monitor the progress of various acts, work with them and advise them." That is to say: See how a record is selling and make it sell more.

Between all that shaping and



Mink DeVille's Willy, a band "God-fathered" by Atlantic Records' A & R man, Richard Steinberg.

selling, Richard listens to the hundreds of unsolicited tapes that land on his desk each week from bands everywhere. "I go to sleep with a Sony Walkman clamped to my side, listening for that one group, that sound that will make it." He also hears master pressings from the eight to ten Atlantic acts he "godfathers" — Foreigner, Manhattan Transfer, Phoebe Snow, the Rolling Stones, Firefall, Mink DeVille, Stevie Nicks and G.E. Smith, a new act he recently signed.

"These are the first cuts off the presses. I listen for clarity, quality, if the treble falls in mid-range, if the speed is even throughout, if pitch is even, for static. I see if the vinyl is high quality before I let a record be shipped. The job takes a good ear."

Richard earned his as a session musician, and later, in the "moderately successful" band Tycoon. "I guess the qualifications for an A&R man would include the abilities to integrate your personal music tastes with the marketplace, develop your musical judgment, be

viable, able to make choices. It takes working with many personalities, artists and lawyers, a bit of business acumen and lots of luck."

Time's his biggest problem. He needs a 32-hour day. He usually gets to work about 10 a.m., then answers up to one hundred calls, phoning London early, Los Angeles late in the day, locally in between. Calls come from managers, lawyers, sales reps and artists themselves on everything from "please see me perform" to "return my tape," from "recall the last record shipment" to "find me a xylophonist and a studio immediately." He usually eats lunch at his desk, listening to tapes and masters through the rest of the afternoon. Phone, audio and paper work wind up about 7 or 8 p.m. when he leaves for dinner.

Dinner could be on the road, winging his way to Boston or while driving to New Jersey to hear a new band. Often though, he eats at a nearby restaurant with a lawyer, manager or performer like Willy DeVille. Afterward, he goes to the clubs, sometimes as many as four a night. If he hears a band he likes, he'll hang out with them, talking, until the sun comes up. Richard may see them perform again and again for an overview. Then, one night, he just may walk in with Atlantic President Ahmet Ertegun, the guy with the last word on who gets a recording contract.

"This job isn't all hanging out at clubs," claims Richard, as a smile flashes across his face. "Listen to this record. It's my project. It'll be out by the time your story breaks. Last year Paul McCartney held a benefit concert for the people of Campuchea, Cambodia. It's nearly a perfect live recording with performances by Wings, the Who, Rockpile, Ian Dury, the Specials, Queen, the Pretenders. You're gonna love it."

Leaving his office, he says, "I gotta keep tabs on everything. Right now, Foreigner is in the studio in London. Mink DeVille is recording here. Stevie Nicks is flying in today to see me."

If you want to make it as a rock and roll band, somewhere down the line it's people like Richard Steinberg who you will have to impress. □

"I moved from Miami to here the first week in October," Pat Travers said in the nearly bare offices of the Orlando rehearsal studio he, his manager and a former roadie have acquired as a business venture. "I just got fed up with not feeling safe even walking out to the parking lot to get into the car. My girlfriend Elizabeth got mugged three blocks from my house. The cars got broken into every week. It was ridiculous. A friend of ours got stabbed.

"When I first moved to Miami I had a great time, going out to all the clubs because I guess I was still enjoying my notoriety. The fact that I was mildly famous was a lot of fun, just going into clubs and cruising around, but that blew over after about three nights of solid hangovers," the guitar player chortled.

The 27-year-old rock guitarist now lives in a \$116,000 house armed with enough security to rival Fort Knox. His BMW is triggered with comparable antiburglary features. The only thing in his life short on security now is his career.

Last year, Travers followed his best-selling live album, **Go For What You Know**, featuring his groundbreaking *Boom Boom (Out Go the Lights)*, with an adventurous departure, **Crash and Burn**, which had the noted guitarist playing more keyboards than guitar. If the live collection represented the essence of Travers' earlier music, **Crash and Burn** was sure to confuse new fans. His change in direction would seem ill-timed, but he has few regrets.

"I was about eighty percent happy with that record, which I think isn't too bad," he said between swigs of Heineken and puffs on a cigarette. "It didn't sell platinum or anything, but I can still feel proud of it, you know. I can still listen to it. I can still play the material on it, I enjoy playing it, so I'm using that as my standard. I can't do anything less than that."

By this time, the Pat Travers Band was be-

coming a headline attraction. While they didn't take on marathon tours, the four-piece ensemble did gain a reputation as a hot band through their live album and shows. They may have been about to go over the top when guitarist Pat Thrall and drummer Tommy Aldridge left in late

where the only way he was really going to find out was to go out and do it himself.

"Tommy Aldridge was sitting on a fence. I said I wanted him to do the record and possibly do another tour and he said, 'I'm not sure, man. I don't know what I want to do.' I said think about it for a few

over from the **Crash and Burn** sessions, featured keyboards.

"I got a lot of it out of my system on the last record," he explained. Working within a trio now forces Travers to front the rhythm section with a lot more dazzling guitar work. "In rehearsing the material

PAT TRAVERS

THE FIT THAT'S RIGHT

Guitar Hero Is Back with a New Band and a New LP, *Radioactive*.

by
Charley Crespo

1980 to pursue other directions.

"I guess we finished playing in the States around July or so," Travers related. "Then we went to Europe most of August, touring with Ted Nugent. At that time, Pat Thrall was mumbling that he might like to start his own band. I'd always told him to do whatever the fuck he wanted to do."

"He'd come up with that before, and I said it really wasn't the right time for him, that he wasn't as big a star as he thought he was. So, he stayed with us for a while and then he started talking about it again."

"I guess it's one of those things. It's so hard blaming a lot of problems, saying if I had my own band, I wouldn't have these problems and if I was in control, things would be different. I guess he reached the stage

days, but obviously I gotta know. Anyway, he was still hemming and hawing four days later so I saved him the trouble of making a decision. I made the decision for him."

Back at his new house, Travers mixed himself a vodka-and-water concoction, throwing lemon and lime halves into the tall glass. He played preliminary tapes of songs he was recording with his new band. (Peter "Mars" Cowley, his bassist of five years, had remained; drummer Sandy Gennaro, formerly of Blackjack, fills out the trio.) The first track he played combined Jamaican-style vocal inflections with hard, stinging guitar licks. He called the sound "iron (pronounced eye-ron) music" and described it as a cross between reggae and heavy metal. Of the tracks he played, only one, a left-

without the other guitar player, I suddenly realized. 'I gotta do a lotta stuff here all of a sudden!'"

Travers is unsure how fans will take to yet another radical change in direction, but he chooses not to worry. The only platinum award he can boast is not for album sales, but for selling one million pieces of gum wrapped in Travers' album artwork. There's a platinum Chu-bop on the mantlepiece above his fireplace.

"It would be nice to be totally established and be a platinum-selling band and be real famous and rich, but I'm happy with my life. I'm happy with what I've got," he said later over dinner. "I think if you get too much success all at once, it tends to slow you down a little bit because you're not required to keep putting out things all the time." □

Pat Travers: "I gotta do a lot of stuff here all of a sudden."



VAN HALEN



HIT PARADER

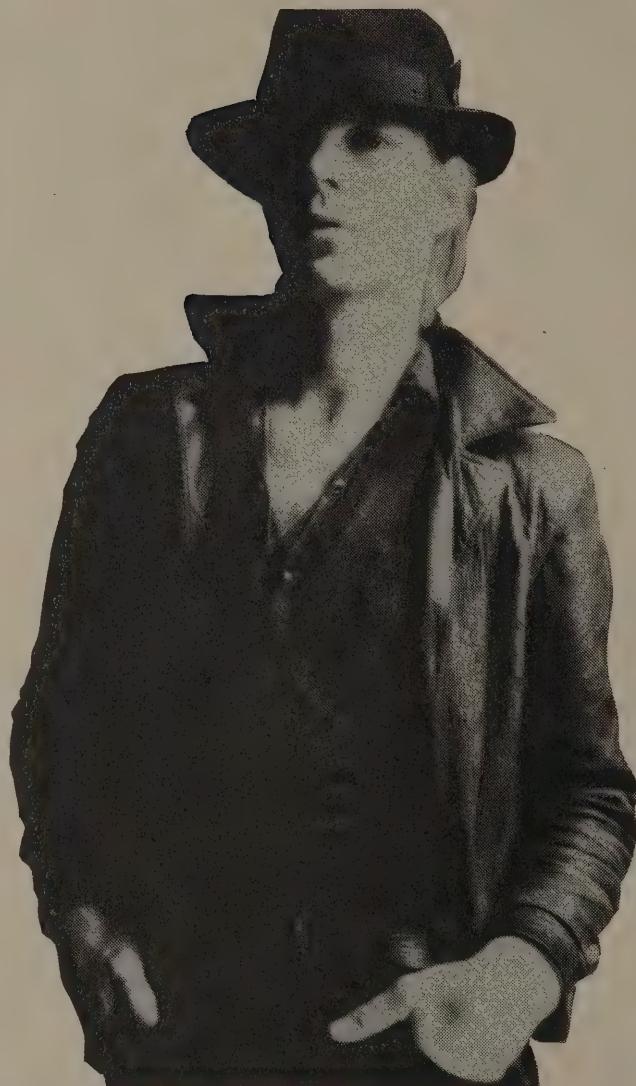


Pick Hit

THE JIM CARROLL BAND

Big City Poet Who Doesn't Want To Know It

by Charley Crespo



Jim Carroll: "I don't really feel the impetus to get up there."

At the age of twelve, Jim Carroll began writing what later became known as the **Basketball Diaries**, a book that chronicled his youthful days discovering the seedier side of city living—the drugs, sex, crime, hustling. Later, a collection of his poems entitled **Living at the Movies**, was published. By his early twenties, the tall, thin son of an Irish bartender left behind the local poetry readings for a quieter life in the San Francisco Bay Area, where he kicked an eight-year addiction to heroin.

Carroll is now a rock and roller, using music as yet another medium for his powerful observations and emotions. **Catholic Boy**, his debut album, is a collection of fast, coarse songs about the very real and often ugly side of life. The best known track recounts in graphic detail the unnecessary deaths he witnessed growing up.

"What am I?" he said, studying the question he was recently posed. "Well, I don't know exactly. I'm actually trying to figure that out at this point. I'd say I was a writer, like I've always said. I basically think of myself as a poet: That's what I've always done. That's where my passion is."

Like Patti Smith, an old friend who years before made the transition from poet to rocker, Carroll insists on using his own approach to music. He is not writing or performing

material tailored for mass acceptance or radio airplay. He isn't even grooming himself to become a rock star. Carroll's primary interest is in music as an art form through which he can express himself.

"There's an element

where you're an entertainer with rock and roll that you can't get around, but it's very hard for me to accept that," he said. "I mean, I accept that but it's not easy for me to do it. I don't really feel the impetus to get up there. If I'm

playing for a group of kids who all through the set are screaming their heads off for *People Who Died*, it's hard for me to entertain them. I want them to listen."

Rock and roll and the lifestyle it demands wasn't in Carroll's original draft. While there are similarities between writing poetry and writing songs, he keeps the two crafts separate. His songs are written with a future performance in mind. Carroll, who compensates for a monotonous concert delivery with the use of passionate rhythms and clever inflections, has become a rocker in the tradition of Lou Reed, Patti Smith, Garland Jeffreys and the Doors' Jim Morrison.

"There's a certain style involved with my music, but I'm really just finding the range of what we want to do and extending it very slowly," he explained. "I wanted to make sure of that on the first albums even though my vocals are kind of limited, you know. My vocals are more like a rhythm thing than melody. My voice just emphasizes rhythms. It's more like another percussion instrument in that sense."

"What I'm trying to do is make sure those are complete songs and not just poetry with music in the background because people are very weary of that. I think Patti went too fast onto that. Kids are weary of just straight poetry in America." □

Donnie Iris

Singing was always part of Donnie Iris' life, even at the age of five when his mother would accompany him on piano. His talents brought him to the attention of the famous bandleader, Paul Whiteman, who invited the young Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, youth to appear on his national radio talent show. The boy won first prize, a brand new refrigerator, and kept it in his garage filled with beer.

He was only nine years old and it



seemed he had accomplished all there was to accomplish at his young age. Adhering to an all too familiar stereotype, he fell prey to the pressures of money, fame and the desire to gain some meaning out of it all. He suffered through his parents' two broken marriages and a serious alcohol problem before he faced an even more frightening crisis: puberty. It was the straw that broke the camel's back, and the 11-year-old Iris had a nervous breakdown. Some of the material on his debut album **Back on the Streets**, notably *Shock Treatment* and *Too Young To Love*, are said to be directly related to these early experiences.

Two things saved the young Iris from certain self-destruction — the advent of rock and roll and his first eye examination. Armed with a guitar and a new pair of glasses, Iris faced the world with courage and hope. In the late '60s, he fronted a band called the Jaggerz, and *The Rapper*, a song written and sung by Iris, went gold. More recently, Iris played with Wild Cherry. Hearing the audience's deafening applause gave him the strength and determination to step out into the limelight and give it another shot. His new solo career has put him **Back On The Streets**.

Pam Windo and the Shades

Red hair, green eyes and legs up to here. Pam Windo danced well enough to make her parents proud, but they were reportedly too middle class to allow her to become a professional dancer. With those legs, she became a brown belt karate fighter instead. Windo is now a rock singer fronting a band she calls the Shades.

The English singer's first recorded unreleased works were made in the studio of Pink Floyd's Nick Mason while she was experimenting with

Shooting Stars

by Charley Crespo

London's avant garde. Her present music, as featured on the debut album, while not quite so obscure, aren't mainstream sounds either. Windo's works are expressions, weird ones at times. Pam Windo and the Shades are not for everyone. Short songs founded in coarse approaches, melodic arrangements and semi-polished production can be called new wave only after process of elimination rules out every other known category of contemporary music.



Get Wet

"The name comes from an involvement," Zecca, Get Wet's keyboard player says of his band's name. "From the very beginning, we didn't want people to just sit and watch our performances, but to join in. We want them to be high and happy. Almost as soon as we're on, we're soaking



wet and we want people to feel this too."

Based in New York, Get Wet, led by Zecca and singer Sherri Beachfront, have wowed audiences since their first nightclub dates a little over a year ago. In that year, the pop-rock quintet was crowned "best new group of 1980" by an Eastern newspaper before winning first place in the New York Music Playoffs (a citywide

performance contest) and signing with Boardwalk Records, a very new and very selective record company. Beachfront, a former singing ice cream waitress, knocks everyone out with her powerful voice and style.

"Zecca and I liked each other as people first," Beachfront recalls. "I knew he played keyboards and he knew I sang, but we didn't think about putting a band together at first. That sort of evolved." □

Any Trouble

"We don't do somersaults into the audience because I can't do a somersault," said Clive Gregson, lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist for Any Trouble. "Many Stiff artists over here are pretty bizarre. What's important, basically, is that you go on and sell the songs. Anything you can do to help people remember the song is valid."

About a year ago, Stiff Records found Any Trouble playing pub gigs in the suburbs of Manchester in the north of England. Gregson had



previously worked in an unemployment office, lead guitarist Chris Parks used to work for Man leading record store and drummer Mel Harley is a "retired art student." Yet, onstage, the group's nongimmicky presence reflects their bland former jobs more than Gregson's theory selling through sensationalism. Although Parks usually stands on his toes while playing, the audience for the most part is turned on by the caliber of the song.

One week London's **Melody Maker** thrust Any Trouble into the spotlight by putting the band on the cover, describing its debut LP (which Gregson describes as "ten slabs of unrequited love") as the best Stiff record since Elvis Costello's **My Aim Is True**.

Photo by Sorrell

LED ZEPPELIN

THE LAST WALTZ?

"People criticize what they fail to understand."

We wish it to be known that the loss of our dear friend and the deep respect we have for his family, together with the sense of undivided harmony felt by ourselves and our manager, have led us to decide that we could not go on as we were.

—Led Zeppelin
December 4, 1980

With those words Led Zeppelin's eleven-year reign as the undisputed rulers of rock's heavy-metal kingdom may have come to an abrupt and untimely end. The tragic accidental death of drummer John Bonham last September did what many never thought possible. It grounded the mighty Zeppelin, perhaps forever.

Although some viewed Zeppelin's demise as inevitable in the wake of Bonham's passing, the startling reality still shocked rock fans everywhere. Within hours of Bonham's death, (attributed to suffocation under the combined influence of alcohol and barbiturates) rumors regarding the group's future began emanating from virtually every corner of the globe. From London came reports that the band already had announced plans to reform, using Bonham's teenage son as his father's replacement. Another story had Plant preparing to enter a recording studio to begin work on an acoustic solo album that one British observer cynically noted, "would make him the Donovan of the '80s." Yet

by Andy Secher



Jimmy Page: "This band has always been a rather strange and precarious venture."

another rumor had the band's three surviving members forming a new band to follow in the Zeppelin heavy-metal tradition. But all speculation ended with the band's brief December 4 statement.

But the tragedy of Bonham's death was not limited to his passing. Just before his death it seemed that Zeppelin had finally come to grips with the "demons" that sometimes cast shadows on their suc-

cess. Preparing for their first American tour in nearly three years and working on a new album they hoped would unify their more complex musical aspirations with their heavy-metal roots, they seemed secure in the knowledge that neither their inactivity nor their recurring personal problems had damaged their incredible popularity. Despite the emergence of a whole new generation of

heavy-metal practitioners, Led Zeppelin remained the single most celebrated rock band in the world.

Then, suddenly, it seemed to be over. Was Bonham's death the epitaph for Zeppelin's long and glorious career?

"This band has always been a rather strange and precarious venture," Jimmy Page stated shortly before Bonham's death. "I never would have believed we could have lasted this long." Page's words seemed to further enforce the fact that despite all of their success, Zeppelin's history has often been veiled in mystery and intrigue. Zeppelin sometimes seemed almost inscrutable. They were a reclusive group whose rare concert appearances and sporadic album offerings were nearly always well received though they may have appeared to some.

No less an authority than Robert Plant has indicated that there may well be more involved with Zeppelin's possible untimely end than merely Bonham's death. After all, he contends, bands as divergent as the Who and AC/DC have not only survived the recent death of a band member, but have returned to the rock wars stronger than ever. It is the belief of many that Zeppelin's incredible string of misfortune—which, in addition to Bonham's death, has included the death (due to unknown illness) of Plant's young son Karac, the mysterious death of a Zeppelin roadie, and an auto accident in which Plant and his wife were seriously injured —

can be traced directly to Jimmy Page.

Over the last six years, Page's fascination with the occult and black magic has grown from a between-tour hobby to a full-time obsession. Just last year he purchased a London bookstore that caters exclusively to a clientele interested in occult literature. And, for a number of years, he has owned the estate of the notorious mystic Aleister Crowley, infamous throughout the world as perhaps the most wicked man who ever lived. While some believe the Crowley estate casts a spell of death over all who come in contact with its owner, Page continues to refute any charge that his dabbling in black magic has brought misfortune to those around him. "People sometimes criticize what they fail to understand," he stated. "Some believe in superstition, but superstition itself is more the evil."

The role black magic played in Zeppelin's history probably will never be determined if, indeed, it even exists. It would be foolish, however, to let this alleged controversy taint the band's importance in shaping the musical perspectives of an entire generation. While they may have lacked the Beatles' pop insight or the Stones' sheer outrageousness, Zeppelin was almost single-handedly responsible for shaping popular music by proving the artistic and commercial viability of power rock. Whether it was on hauntingly beautiful pieces such as *Gallows Pole* or epic rockers like *Whole Lotta Love*, Led Zeppelin's glorious synthesis of blues passion, rock simplicity and jazz eclecticism became the definitive statement of heavy metal's volatile charm.

To the uninitiated, Zeppelin may have been merely the loudest, most

overwhelming band in rock. But to the millions who understood, their work set musical precedents that changed the course, if not the very structure, of rock and roll.

Often Zeppelin appeared an intricate mosaic comprised of brilliant pieces blending together in a strangely compelling masterpiece. Page, the sorcerer,

using his infamous violin bow to cast spells on audiences; Plant, the brazenly sexual, golden-haired Adonis; John Paul Jones, the quiet, multi-instrumental master; and, of course, Bonham, the fun-loving "Bonzo" whose fierce drumming style remained the heart and soul of the band's pulsating sound.

"I never would have believed we could have lasted this long."



Rumor has it that Robert Plant will begin a solo career.

From the moment they first emerged out of the English blues-rock fusion of the late 1960s as the New Yardbirds (the name they used during their first European tour), Zeppelin remained at the forefront of rock's creative evolution. They possessed a talent for tempering their more metallic riffs with an instrumental dexterity and a lyrical sophistication that belied the tenacity of their hard-rock style. Their ingenuity allowed them to transform the most rudimentary blues runs and overabused pop clichés into an exciting musical hybrid carrying rock until then unknown frontiers.

What the future holds for the band's surviving members is, at press time, uncertain. Their record company, Swan Song, carries on. But it is easy to imagine Page, after over a decade and a half in rock and roll giving up the rock lifestyle to concentrate on building his own recording studio. Plant, on the other hand, seems fully committed to continuing his music career. On various occasions he has expressed his desire to create a folk-rock group similar to the Incredible String Band. While such a group obviously would be a sharp contrast to Zeppelin's hard-rocking mayhem, it would provide him with the musical diversity that he has been seeking. Jones, long renowned as one of England's most talented session players, may return to his role as a roving minstrel, free to play with any performer he wishes.

Of course, there is always hope for a reformation, with Page, Plant and Jones adding a new drummer and once again unfurling Zeppelin's heavy-metal banner. But no matter what the future may hold, the musical legacy that Led Zeppelin leaves millions of thankful fans will always be an integral part of our lives. □

Celebrity Rate-a-Record

WITH THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND

by Charley Crespo

Doug Gray, lead singer for the Marshall Tucker Band, said that when he's home in Spartanburg, South Carolina, he listens to the Crusaders, Earth, Wind & Fire, Gladys Knight and Roberta Flack. We handed him a stack of fairly recent singles and told him to pick out a few things he'd like to listen to. Gray sat in a beautiful antique rocking chair in his publicist's New York office playing DJ as he looked out the window at a scenic view of Broadway and Times Square. The following are his off-the-cuff comments.

It's All In The Game. Isaac Hayes

We know where that's coming from. Who did this song originally? Tommy Edwards? The original was much better. I wouldn't buy this, but I like Isaac Hayes, I like his old hits, like the ones when he made all those movies.

Keep On Playing. Just Friends

I'll bet they're good musicians, but it just doesn't translate here. I can hear they have talent, but it's just not coming through. The recording techniques sound like the Yardbirds. For what it is, these guys did pretty good because the vocals are really out there.

Passion. Rod Stewart

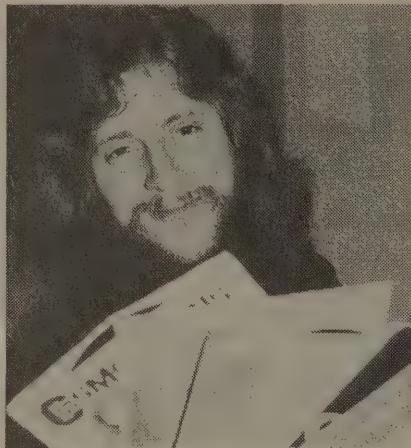
The songs he does always sound like he's talking like you and I are. It relates to people. I like the change. There's something on it that attracts you besides the vocals. It holds your attention span. Most people can't keep my attention for three minutes. I wouldn't say it's one of the better Rod Stewart songs, but that's another story.

Trickle, Trickle. Manhattan Transfer

It's a little different. I can tell already. That's really strange, ain't it? Who are those guys that were the first vocal group ever? The Ink Spots? I can't give up much for that song there. It sounds like something they put out for Christmas.

Whiskey Heaven. Fats Domino

That's the first time I've heard a steel guitar on a Fats Domino record. Sounds like he recorded this in Nashville. It sounds good.



Marshall Tucker Band's Doug Gray: "It sounds like something they put out for Christmas."

Hawks and Doves. Neil Young

This'll be good, no doubt about it. (Ed.: That said prior to playing the record.) Let's find out who them instrumental people are. They're trying to get in on an Urban Cowboy record. It sticks in your head.

White Mice. Mo-Dettes

It's definitely recorded in England, isn't it? You can tell. I like them. I honestly like them. Course, I'm not a big fan of punk rock. Like George McCorkle, guitarist for the Marshall Tucker Band said, there's good points to it and bad points.

Sometimes Love Forgets. Steve Goodman and Phoebe Snow

She's got a good voice. Phoebe Snow reminds me of a cross between the way Dionne Warwick sings and the way Phoebe Snow sings (laughs). It's good. That probably could be played on the radio. I liked that.

I Ain't Much. Atlanta Rhythm Section

I really can't rate this record not because the Atlanta Rhythm Section are friends of mine but because I know the producer Buddy Buie really well. Something about Atlanta Rhythm Section, all of their songs have good hit potential. They have good rhyming melodies. Well thought out. This record didn't knock me out.

Why Do Fools Fall In Love. Joni Mitchell

Basic be-bop already (laughs). Sounds like the original Drifters. I like this record. □

HIT PARADER ROCK POLL (EARLY RETURNS)

THE TOP 30

Three months into 1981 and thousands of ballots later we are listing the Top 30 as you have voted for them. If your favorite is not on the list, VOTE, you still have nine months before we announce the final winner: THE MOST POPULAR ROCK ACT IN AMERICA!

1	AC/DC	16	POLICE
2	VAN HALEN	17	BLACK SABBATH
3	CHEAP TRICK	18	MOLLY HATCHET
4	LED ZEPPELIN	19	HEART
5	KISS	20	BOB SEGER
6	ROLLING STONES	21	PAT BENATAR
7	JOURNEY	22	PINK FLOYD
8	TED NUGENT	23	GARY NUMAN
9	QUEEN	24	TOM PETTY
10	REO SPEEDWAGON	25	CLASH
11	RUSH	26	BLONDIE
12	AEROSMITH	27	STYX
13	CARS	28	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
14	WHO	29	DAVID BOWIE
15	JUDAS PRIEST	30	BEATLES

Rock'n'Roll Hit Parade

Exclusive Feature: Top Ten Countdown of the Hitmakers!

compiled by
Bob Grossweiner

Each month *Hit Parader* features the all-time favorite recordings from the turntables of today's most popular artists. This month we feature singer/songwriters **John Cougar, Robert Palmer and Eric Carmen**.

Eric Carmen, singer/guitarist/key boardist, (formerly with the Raspberries)

1. **Pet Sounds**, the Beach Boys
2. **Abbey Road**, the Beatles
3. **Beatles for Sale** (import), the Beatles
4. **Exile on Main Street**, the Rolling Stones
5. **Heart Like a Wheel**, Linda Ronstadt
6. **Lesley Gore's Greatest Hits**, Lesley Gore
7. **Foot Loose and Fancy Free**, Rod Stewart
8. **Sunflower**, the Beach Boys
9. **There Are but Four Small Faces**, the Small Faces
10. **Concerto No. 2 in c for Piano, Op. 18**, Sergei Rachmaninoff (no specific version mentioned)



John Cougar, singer/guitarist

1. **Hums of The Lovin' Spoonful**, the Lovin' Spoonful
2. **The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars**, David Bowie
3. **Born to Run**, Bruce Springsteen
4. **Strange Days**, the Doors
5. **Highway 61 Revisited**, Bob Dylan
6. **The Best of Eric Burden and the Animals, Volume II**, Eric Burden and the Animals
7. **Aqualung**, Jethro Tull
8. **Berlin**, Lou Reed
9. **Gasoline Alley**, Rod Stewart
10. **Sunshine Superman**, Donovan



Robert Palmer, singer

1. **Chief Commander Ebenezer Obey and His International Brothers** (import), Chief Commander Ebenezer Obey and His International Brothers
2. **Revolver**, the Beatles
3. **I Want You**, Marvin Gaye
4. **Great Otis Redding Sings Love Ballads**, Otis Redding
5. **In Heat**, Love Unlimited
6. **Replicas**, Gary Numan & the Tubeway Army
7. **There's a Riot Goin' On**, Sly and the Family Stone
8. **Shots From a Cold Nightmare**, Moon Martin
9. **20 Golden Years** (import), James Brown
10. **Almereida** (import), Paco DeLucia



HIT PARADER ROCK POLL

WIN FREE .38 SPECIAL (Wild-Eyed Southern Boys) or OUTLAWS (Ghost Riders) LPs

On the coupon below list your three favorite rock acts, the acts you would most like to read about in **Hit Parader**. Not only will this help us provide the kind of coverage you want, but in our January, 1982 issue we will announce the winner: THE MOST POPULAR ROCK ACT IN AMERICA!

Also on the coupon check the album of your choice. Each month we will choose twenty respondents at random and mail out the free LPs.

Entries received after June 1, 1981 are not eligible.

List your three top rock acts and mail this coupon to:
Hit Parader
Charlton Bldg.
Derby, CT 06418

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
Name _____
Age _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____

.38 Special Outlaws

Yes, I like the additional lyrics in **Hit Parader**.
 No, I do not like the additional lyrics in **Hit Parader**.

HIT PARADER'S

Sports Challenge

This month:
JOAN JETT
behind the eight ball

The Hit Parader staff issues this challenge: We dare the rock stars to take us on in sports competition. Various events include pinball, ping pong and pool. Other sports will be considered, including mud wrestling (with the proper party, of course). Results will be announced in these pages.

"Do they have the chalk here?" Joan Jett asked as she prepared to play pool against **Hit Parader**.

Jett admits to being a billiards enthusiast. While the former rhythm guitarist of L.A.'s now defunct Runaways said she didn't have a pool table at home, she used to spend hours at Barney's Beanery ("one of my favorite places") watching and playing. Our intrepid

editor, who claims to have learned trick shots from "Old Man Hale" in Hollywood, was ready to take the 22-year-old new-wave goddess on.

Jett removed her leather motorcycle jacket and rolled up one sleeve of her black shirt, exposing a red sweatband around one wrist.

Numerous silver chains hung from her neck, almost touching the edge of the table as she leaned over to take her shot. The first game of eight ball passed very quickly, with the editor running the low balls and sinking the eight. The second game, however, was much slower and closer. An absorbed Jett had one fingertip to her lips towards the end of the match, before she reprimanded her opponent, saying, "You don't leave me nothing —

nothing!" Toward the end, the editor sunk the final ball but forgot to call the pocket. Score one for Jett. The third and final game was extremely close. Both players were going for the eight ball, both missed, and finally Jett left the black ball hanging by the pocket.

"I was going to go on tour with Minnesota Fats, but he was afraid I'd show him up," an ego-inflated editor remarked, after sinking the winner.

Jett and the **Hit Parader** staff spent the rest of the afternoon playing pinball and Asteroids. Afterwards, she went back to her manager's house to read the latest issue of **Hit Parader**. The editors went home to listen to Joan's debut album, **Bad Reputation**. □

Joan Jett: "You don't leave me nothing — nothing."



Laurie Paladino

She was the outrageous siren who fronted the Jefferson Airplane with compulsive, reckless abandon; the heroine who once appeared on the Smothers Brothers TV show in blackface to protest the lack of minority performers featured; the diva escorted by ex-Yippie Abbie Hoffman to a White House reception for alumnae of Finch College (which she and Tricia Nixon both attended).

At forty, Grace Slick, the Chicago-born ex-fashion model no longer adheres to all her old ideologies. She acknowledges that LSD, while it was great, was a delusion. "Unfortunately, we (Jefferson Airplane) made a point of saying 'Let's everybody take acid.' But we were being naive. It's like playing Russian roulette. If you take drugs you gotta know that maybe you'll become an enlightened and marvelous rock and roll star, and maybe you'll also land in Tahachakie, or wherever your local goon bin is."

Slick has also finally taken control of the booze demon that dominated her life for so many years. "I had fucked a lot of people around because the aggressive personality can be bent with the addition of alcohol. So, I like making snide cracks at cops," Slick explains, alluding to a habit that's landed her in the clinker on more than one occasion, "but if I'm sober I know when to stop or when not to bother with it at all. When I'm drunk, I'd just as soon yell at somebody. I don't care who they are." But such behavior was always excused, to which Slick charges, "I probably should have been punched."

"Everybody is allotted their share of drugs," she continues, "and I've had my share and probably your share and I think about fifty other people's. So that's enough of that."

Slick's bout with the bottle and disillusionment with Starship/Airplane's redundant material caused her to leave the band after fifteen years as their lead vocalist. The brief hiatus she took from rock and roll

Who's Afraid of *GRACE SLICK*

Anyone Who Does Not Read This Article Is Missing Something Really Great!

by Suzan Crane



Roger Ressmeyer

Grace Slick has threatened to blow herself up if one more reporter asks the inevitable 'are you going back to the Starship' question.

to be "spiritual housewife" to her 28-year-old manager/husband Skip Johnson lasted all of a few months, though she continues to alternate weeks with ex-lover Paul Kantner to care for their 10-year-old daughter China. "I was gonna be quiet and take care of the house and I thought 'God this is boring. I hate that shit.' I kept trying to act like I wasn't hating it, but..."

Accordingly, less than a year after she had given it up, Slick was back in the studio recording *Dreams*, her initial solo effort, with producer Ron Frangipane. (1973's *Manhole*, a supposedly solo work, actually involved members of Star-

ship.) This album — which included five Slick-penned tunes — seemed to signify a new beginning for the singer. Independent of the Starship, she used top East Coast studio players and, for the first time, recorded in New York, where she now prefers to work. Never before had she done things so "totally straight." Overall, the record is a soft ethereal pastiche with strains of the classical and Spanish music Slick had enjoyed as a child running throughout. "It's my selfish little apology to anybody and everybody ... kind of wimpy," she now says of the LP. Nevertheless, *Dreams* settled comfortably in the Top 30.

Penitence out of the way, Slick proceeded with a followup that reinstates her strident vocals amidst blistering rock and roll instrumentation. With producer Frangipane again at the controls, her latest, *Welcome to the Wrecking Ball*, is Slick's visionary manifesto for the eighties, inspired by a three-ton wrecking ball she saw demolishing buildings in Texas. "I watched it for about 45 minutes and got off as if I were watching a porno movie," Slick explains. "It's like a volcano — totally indifferent. It's a great big pimple, you know, that goes squirt. And it seemed that the world more or less was, and is, in that condition." The vision was realized with the help of guitarist Scott Zito, who played on *Dreams* and wrote, at Slick's request, all the songs for *Welcome to the Wrecking Ball*.

"This is mostly Scott's tour de force," she concedes, adding that her compositions are more befitting another singer's style. "The stuff I write is semiclassical and introverted. I just wrote a love song that I couldn't possibly do. That isn't my personality. What I write, someone like Rita Coolidge ought to sing. I'm less comfortable with my own music than someone else's."

Though no tour is yet scheduled, Slick is prepared to take to the road now that she has enough material under her belt to ensure a show that won't have to be padded with too many old Airplane/Starship numbers, though she'll still probably perform classics like *White Rabbit* and *Somebody to Love*. You'll recognize the compelling backup vocals on the latest Starship album (no, she and the band are not archenemies and yes, there is a chance that she will someday rejoin them).

But Grace, the ultimate question: Is a rock and roller ever too old? "Well, we're still doing it — those of us who are alive. I don't know how long that goes on. I didn't think I'd live past thirty," she chuckles. "I'll just keep doing it until it doesn't feel right anymore." □

THE SECRET LIFE OF STEELY DAN

Bulletin: Phantom Rockers Surface for One-Half Hour!

Early into the taping, Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, a.k.a. Steely Dan, described their guest spot on the "Robert Klein Radio Show" as their "1980-81 world tour." Steely Dan last performed in concert on July 5, 1974, and despite tremendous success with *Aja*, *The Royal Scam* and a handful of other LPs, has yet to resurface as live performers since.

"On your income tax, do you put 'rock and roll singer'?" asked the stand-up comic and radio show host.

"People sometimes ask me what I do for a living and I'm hard put to give them a good answer," admitted Becker.

Except for a greatest hits collection released by ABC Records while awaiting new material, the *Gaucho* album is the first Steely Dan product since *Aja* three years ago. In the interim, Becker and Fagen moved back to New York (both live in the same Upper West Side apartment building) from Los Angeles and inconspicuously began attending plays, ballets and opera, but didn't work a great deal. They kept a low profile, shying away from the public eye while leading very private lives. In fact, the creators of Steely Dan's music aren't even photographed for the album jackets. Other than the actual *Gaucho* recording sessions, the Klein show taping was the first time in years that Becker and Fagen, representing Steely Dan as a working entity, had appeared before an audience. During the Klein taping, they further suggested that they will not become more public: Concerts are still not a part of the big plan.

"Basically, our attitude is about the same as before," Becker said regarding future concerts. "Neither of us likes life on the road, and since we don't have a band at this time, it would be very difficult to perform. It would take six months to rehearse a band to do a month's worth of concerts and even then it wouldn't be what you'd expect to see in a concert, which is a band

by Charley Crespo



Walter Becker and Donald Fagen before one of Robert Klein's jokes.

that has been playing together for some time. There's a time limit; you just can't have guys reading music on stage."

"I guess for most popular artists, it's just a matter of course to go out and recreate the records," said Fagen. "It's not like jazz. It's not an improvisational form to any great extent. We're just not interested in interpreting or recreating every night what's on the record. It's just not that exciting to us. To keep ourselves interested, we need new music."

But despite their seemingly serious approach to things, the duo, when teamed up with Klein, proved to be quite witty.

"What does 'bodacious' mean?" Klein asked his guests. "In the title song, *Gaucho*, you refer to a 'bodacious cowboy.' I looked up the word in two dictionaries and couldn't find it. It doesn't exist. What does it mean?"

"It's a kind of cowboy," answered an amused Becker.

"Is it true on *Gaucho*, an engineer erased some important tracks," Klein later asked.

"Not an engineer," Fagen deadpanned. "Not anymore."

"He must have been a bodacious son of a gun," Klein concluded.

Although Becker and Fagen indicated at the time of the release of *Gaucho* that they would be willing to be interviewed to promote the new album, they responded to few requests. After the Klein show taping, Fagen told his publicist that all their future interviews should be conducted with comics. Since the taping, the two have returned to their reclusive lifestyles.

"Aren't you glad you don't have to wear lizard shoes and black face make up?" Klein asked, on allusion to Kiss' bizarre stage look. "You got it easy."

"We do that in the studio," Becker responded. □

WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER

(As recorded by Cheap Trick)

RICK NIELSEN

You're the world's greatest lover in my world
You're the world's greatest lover in my world
In my heart, in my world
There is no one else in the whole wide world
Yeah yeah yeah yeah.

As I sit and write this letter
And dream of home
As I sit and write this letter
And think of home
In my heart, in my world
There is music that I've never heard
Yeah yeah yeah yeah.

Like I've never heard

In my world
Oh I ain't a poet baby I'm a man.
I'm comin' home darlin' fast as I can
I ain't a poet baby
I'm just the man that loves you
I love you.

You're the world's greatest lover in my world
You're the world's greatest lover in my world
In my heart, in my world
There is music that I've never heard
Yeah yeah yeah yeah.

In my world, in my world
Like I've never heard
In my world, in my world
I'm comin' home darlin', darlin'.

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LIVING IN A FANTASY

(As recorded by Leo Sayer)

LEO SAYER
ALAN TARNEY

You, you are my reason to live
You make me shine
With all the love that you give
And when I think of you
I keep driftin' away yeah
Little by little
I love you more every day
I lay in bed but I just can't sleep
I close my eyes and you're all that I
see
I can't believe that it's happening to
me:

Living in a fantasy
Ever since you came to me
Yes I'm living a fantasy
Drowning in this luxury
Ever since, ever since you came to
me
I'm, I'm living in a dream.

And I know there'll be storms up ahead
We'll blow them away
Bring back the sun again
For love conquers all the gloom and despair
Nothin', nothin' can go wrong
Just as long as you're there
And I see a light on the path up ahead
I know you'll wait on the cliff where you said
I'll hold you close 'till we're right on the edge.

Oh you're too much too soon
You're too strong
And I wanna drown in your touch
Don't keep floating too long.
(Repeat chorus)

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I JUST LOVE THE MAN

(As recorded by The Jones Girls)

KENNETH GAMBLE
LEON HUFF

I just love the man
I don't care what you say
I just love the man
'Cause he treats me the way that I want to be treated

When I need to be needed
When it comes to lovin' me
He's alright
When it comes to providing for me
He's alright
He's my inspiration
And you know you just don't understand our relation
'Cause when I'm down he's the one that makes me feel so good inside
He keeps me going
He makes me feel so alive.

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IT'S A LOVE THING

(As recorded by The Whispers)

WILLIAM SHELBY
DANA MEYERS

It's a love thing
It's a love thing
It's a love thing, thing.

The look in your eyes
Is more than enough
To make my poor heart
Burst into flames.

Knew from the moment we met
That there was no doubt
That my life would never be the same.

I could never hide the feelings
That come over me
When you're near me
I know that's how it's suppose to be
My heart keeps telling me.

It's a love thing, yeah
Got me talkin' in my sleep
About the love we made.

It's a love thing
It's a love thing
Love thing, yeah.

Such a feeling I get
Whenever we touch
Girl like no other
I felt before.

It's still so new and yet
I need you so much
Got to make you mine
Forever more.

You're the kinda woman
That can turn my world around
Cause you show me what a selfish love is all about
Without a doubt.

It's a love thing
I feel that pounding in my heart
When you call my name
It's a love thing.

It's a love thing
Love thing, thing
It's a love thing.

Every time that you're near
It becomes so clear
It's a love thing
It's a love thing
Love thing, yeah.

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GUITAR MAN

(As recorded by Elvis Presley)

JERRY R. HUBBARD

Well I quit my job down at the car wash

Left my mama a goodbye note
By sundown I'd left Kingston
With my guitar under my coat
I hitchhiked all the way down to
Memphis

Got a room at the Y.M.C.A.

For the next three weeks
I went a-haunting them night clubs

Looking for a place to play
Well I thought my picking would set
'em on fire
But nobody wanted to hire a guitar man.

Well I nearly 'bout starved to death
down in Memphis

I run out of money and luck
So I bummed me a ride down to
Macon, Georgia

On an overloaded poultry truck
I thumbed on down to Panama City
Started checking out some of them
all night bars

Hoping I can make myself a dollar
Making music on my guitar
Got the same old story at them all
night piers
There ain't no room around here for
a guitar man
(We don't need a guitar man son).

So I slept in the hobo jungles
Bummed a thousand miles of track
'Till I found myself in Mobile,
Alabama

In a club they call "Big Jack's"
A little four piece band was jamming
So I took my guitar and I sat in
I showed 'em what a band would
sound like
With a swinging little guitar man
(Show 'em son).

So if you ever take a trip down to the
ocean

Find yourself down around Mobile
Well make it on out to the club called
"Jack's"

If you got a little time to kill
Just follow that crowd of people
You'll wind up out on his dance floor
Digging the finest little five piece
group

Up and down the Gulf of Mexico
And guess who's leading that five
piece band

Why wouldn't you know
It's that swinging little guitar man.

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AH! LEAH!

(As recorded by Donnie Iris)

MARK AVSEC
DONNIE IERACE

Leah it's been a long, long time
You're such a sight
You're looking better than a body
has a right to
Don't you know we're playing with a
fire
But we can't stop this burning
desire.

Leah
(Ah Leah)
Here we go again
(Ah Leah)
It isn't ever cold in here
(Ah Leah)
Here we go again
Ah Leah.

I see your lips and I wonder who's
been kissing them
I never knew how badly I was

missing them
We both know we're never gonna
make it
But when we touch we never have to
fake it.
Leah
(Ah Leah)
Here we go again
(Ah Leah)
It isn't ever cold in here
(Ah Leah)
Here we go again
(Ah Leah)
We ain't learned our lesson yet.
Baby it's no good
We're just asking for trouble
I can touch you but I don't know how
to love you
It ain't no use we're headed for
disaster
Our minds said no but our hearts
were talking faster Leah.
(Repeat chorus)

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MELANCHOLY FIRE

(As recorded by Norman Connors)

DAVID DeMARCO

I can tell that you can feel the feeling
of my heart inside of me
It's a shame you can't see
Time after time I show how I care
But for the moment I feel that you're
not there
Not even aware
But I will not stop trying to show that
my love is true
There is no denying that this is what
I got to do.

Melancholy fire in my heart's desire

for you baby.
Woman can't you see my love when
sea forms at the oceans of the world
How I want you girl
Feelings of my heart reach out to
touch you
But you will not reach for me
Why must it be
By wasting any moments neither
happy or sad
I used them all to give you the best
love you ever had.

I've got a melancholy fire in my
heart's desire for you baby.

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DIRTY MIND

(As recorded by Prince)

PRINCE NELSON

There's something about you baby
It happens every time
Whenever I'm around you babe
I get a dirty mind
Doesn't matter where we are
Doesn't matter who's around
Doesn't matter I just wanna lay you
down in my daddy's car
It's you I really wanna drive
But you never go too far
I may not be your kind-a man
I may not be your style
But honey all I wanna do
Is just love you for a little while
If you got the time
I'll give you some money
To buy a dirty mind

Don't misunderstand me
I never fool around
But hon you got me on my knees
Won't you please let me lay you
down
(Down, down, down, down, down,
down, down).
I really get a dirty mind
Whenever you're around
It happens to me every time
You just gotta let me lay ya
Gotta let me lay ya, lay ya
You just gotta let me lay ya
Gotta let me lay ya down in my
daddy's car
It's you I really wanna drive
Underneath the stars
I really get a dirty mind
Whenever you're around
I don't wanna hurt you baby
I only wanna lay you down.

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THE BEST OF TIMES

(As recorded by Styx)

DENNIS DE YOUNG

Tonight's the night we'll make
history
Honey you and I
Cause I'll take any risk
To tie back the hands of time
And stay with you here tonight.

I know you feel these are the worst
of times
I do believe it's true
When people lock their doors and
hide inside
Rumor has it it's the end of paradise
But I know if the world just passed
us by
Baby I know I wouldn't have to cry
no no.

The best of times
Are when I'm alone with you
Some rain, some shine
We'll make this a world for two
Our memories of yesterday will last
a lifetime
We'll take the best forget the rest
And some day we'll find
These are the best of times
These are the best of times.

The headlines read these are the
worst of times
I do believe it's true
I feel so helpless
Like a boat against the tide
I wish the summer wind could bring
back paradise
But I know if the world turned upside
down
Baby I know you'd always be around
my my.

The best of times
Are when I'm alone with you
Some rain, some shine
We'll make this a world for two
When I'm alone with you
(The best of times)
Everything's alright
(Are when I'm alone with you)
When I'm alone with you
(Some rain, some shine)
You brighten up the night.

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LIPSTICK

(As recorded by Suzi Quatro)

MIKE CHAPMAN
NICKY CHINN

You broke my heart when you come home
With someone else's lipstick on
(Let me tell you).

And then I get it
And I nail my mouth
To the evil taste of lipstick
Inhale the scent of someone else's
lipstick
Someone else's lipstick
Someone else's lipstick
Someone else's
Someone else's.

You shut the door and climb the stairs
Your attitude is you could care about me
Then you pull the covers back
And climb into the sack
But you could do without me
It's me the fool who's always there
And you the fool who never cares
And then I get it.
(Repeat chorus)

This ancient form of crass stupidity
You seem to think it proves your masculinity
And every time you do it
You could care less
If it was really her or me
You know you do it really well
Just bad enough for me to tell
And then I get it again.
(Repeat chorus)

So why don't you give me a break
I've had as much as I can take
Now we should break up
I'm tired of making up
While you've been making out
With someone else's make-up
I suppose this should be heartbreak time
But funny thing I'm feeling fine
And then you give it to me one more time.
(Repeat chorus)

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FLASH'S THEME (a/k/a Flash)

(As recorded by Queen)

BRIAN MAY

Flash ah
Saviour of the universe
Flash ah
He'll save ev'ryone of us.

Seemingly there is no reason for these extraordinary intergalactical upsets

(What's happening Flash?)
Only Dr. Hans Zarkov formerly at N.A.S.A. has provided any explanation
Flash ah
He's a miracle.

This morning's unprecedented solar eclipse is no cause for alarm
Flash ah

King of the impossible
He's for ev'ryone of us
Stand for ev'ryone of us
He'll save with a mighty hand
Ev'ry man, ev'ry woman, ev'ry child with a mighty Flash.

"General Kala, Flash Gordon approaching"

"What do you mean Flash Gordon approaching"
"Open fire"
"All weapons"
Dispatch War Rocket and Ajax to bring back his body
Flash ah.

Gordon's alive
Flash ah

He'll save ev'ryone of us
Just a man with a man's courage
He knows, nothing but a man, but he can never fail
No one but the pure in heart may find the golden grail oh oh oh oh.

Flash, Flash I love you
But we only have fourteen hours to save the Earth
Flash.

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EVERYTHING IS COOL (a/k/a Ev'rything Is Cool)

(As recorded by T-Connection)

DAVID MACKEY

When I'm feelin' blue
I just think of you
'Cause when I think about you babe
That mood is gone
And when I'm feelin' cool
It's because of you
'Cause when I think about you babe
I feel so good.

When I'm feelin' lonely
I just think of you
When I think about you babe
Ev'rything is cool
When I think about you babe
Ev'rything is cool
When I think about you baby
Ev'rything is cool
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah.

When I'm feelin' sorry
I just think of you
'Cause when I think about you babe
That mood is gone
And when I'm feelin' worried
I just think of you
Feel so good.

When I'm feelin' lonely
I just think of you
When I think about you babe
Ev'rything is cool
When I think about you babe
Ev'rything is cool
When I think about you baby
Ev'rything is cool
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah.

When I think about you babe
Ev'rything is cool.

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WINKEN, BLINKEN AND NOD

(As recorded by The Doobie Brothers)

Poem by EUGENE FIELD
Music by LUCY SIMON

Winken and Blinken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe
Sailed down a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew
"Now where are you going and what do you wish"

The old moon asked the three
"We're going out fishing for herring fish

That live in the beautiful sea
Nets of silver and gold have we"
Said Winken and Blinken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in their wooden shoe
And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish"

Never feared are we"
So sang the stars to the fishermen three
Winken and Blinken and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe

Bringing the fishermen home
'Twas all so pretty a sight it seemed
As if it could not be
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they had dreamed
Of sailing the beautiful sea
But I shall name you the fishermen three

Winken and Blinken and Nod.

Now Winken and Blinken are two little eyes
And Nod is a little head
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Is a wee one's trundle bed
So close your eyes while mother sings
Of the beautiful sights that be
And you shall see the wonderful things

As you rock in your misty sea
Where the old moon rocked the fishermen three
Winken and Blinken and Nod.

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Now, For The Very First Time, You Can Own This

FAMOUS LUCK-KEY™ FOR GOOD LUCK!

**Notice: A Trademark Application Has Been Filed With
The United States Patent Office In Washington D.C.!**

For the life of me, I can't figure out how my LUCK-KEY miraculously changes bad luck into good luck.

But I can tell you this: *It Works!*

A few short years ago, nothing (and I mean nothing) was going right for me.

My boss was loading me down with tons of work with no raise, no bonus.

My wife was constantly crying about our terrible financial situation.

I was getting very fat and smoking every minute.

And worse, my health was going downhill. I was really scared!

It was the lowest point of my entire life—with no end in sight.

THEN: THE MIRACLE OF LUCK-KEY!

Just as I was at my wits end, it happened. Suddenly, with no warning or signals, I stumbled upon LUCK-KEY.

I'll remember that day as long as I live!

Like magic, everything started to turn around. *FAST!*

How I discovered it is a secret. I promised myself never to reveal it even for lots of money.

But I can reveal to you how LUCK-KEY began to swamp me with instant luck all the time. Today, I feel I'm the luckiest man in the world. Here's why:

★ ★ My boss came through with a whopping raise and a percentage of the business!

★ ★ My wife has all the money she needs... and much more!

★ ★ All my debts and bills are paid off, I don't owe a dime to anyone!

★ ★ My health is fabulous. In fact, I jog over twenty miles a week!

And best of all, I am rich and successful! LUCK-KEY has really changed my life as you can see.

INCREDIBLE! LUCK-KEY — IS REALLY INCREDIBLE!

My LUCK-KEY never seems to stop bringing me huge amounts of great good luck.

It keeps on working day-after-day, week-after-week, year-after-year! Seemingly FOREVER!

For instance:

1) After the doctor said "impossible," my wife and I became the parents of a beautiful blue-eyed baby boy. How much luckier could I get than the gift of life? Probably a lot luckier. We're thinking of number two!

2) I drive around in a luxurious car loaded to the hilt with all those costly "options"—all fully paid for!

3) I even went out and spent thousands of dollars for a magnificent fur coat. Was that a thrill!

To tell you the truth, I can't really believe this is happening to me. Everyday unfolds another fantastic surprise! Does LUCK-KEY work? You'd better not ask me! You know my answer!



This LUCK-KEY brought me more good luck in 24 hours than all I've had in 25 years. Here is your chance to get LUCK-KEY too. Just let me prove it!

LUCK-KEY ALSO WORKS FOR MEN AND WOMEN AROUND THE COUNTRY!

★ I received over \$200.00 in the mail unexpectedly. That's what I call lucky! —P.M., Mass.

★ My condition is clearing up. The LUCK-KEY does work like magic! —S.G., Tenn.

★ Got a raise, won \$300.00 plus a trip! —J.S.M., Fla.

★ I've WON with LUCK-KEY. I'm after the million dollar ticket now! —N.S., Can.

★ Your LUCK-KEY did work for me. I went to bingo and WON \$155.00. It never happened to me before. I really believe in it! —L.R., P.E.I.

★ My boss called me back to work with a 100% increase in salary. I still can't believe it! —J.R., La.

★ Because you reached out to me I received \$211.40 in the mail! —P.M., Mass.

★ I went to bingo and WON \$565.00 JACKPOT. I never won so much! —B.V., Pa.

★ I felt better the minute I put LUCK-KEY around my neck. Even caught the flowers at a wedding! —R.S., Tenn.

★ I was quiet and shy and never went out much. When your LUCK-KEY arrived, things started to turn around! —C.C., Can.

★ I WON \$25.00 at bingo! —E.G., Can.

★ I suffered from arthritis. After receiving my LUCK-KEY it disappeared! —L.L., Ill.

★ WON a trip to Florida! —J.M., Ill.

★ Your LUCK-KEY came just in time. A nose diving airplane was headed right toward me. I could have been killed if the pilot hadn't gained control. I believe LUCK-KEY had a hand in that rush of good luck! —C.F., Calif.

YES! LUCK-KEY IS AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW!

I feel certain that LUCK-KEY can work for you! That's why I've taken the time to write and pay for this announcement. How else could I tell you about my thrilling discovery?

Right now, you are probably saying to yourself that I'm in this just for the money. Not So!

If I were, I could charge \$25.00 or even more for LUCK-KEY and you would be happy to pay it.

But, LUCK-KEY has been very good to me. So I'll be more than happy to send it to you for just \$3. Yes, just \$3 complete—and I'll even pay the First Class postage!

Now I couldn't sleep tonight if I felt that you were going to risk any of your hard-earned money. Especially these days. Therefore, you can order LUCK-KEY on my unconditional money-back guarantee!

As soon as my LUCK-KEY arrives, try it out. Put it through your most demanding tests. Prove to yourself that every word in this announcement is 100% true. If you don't like it, just mail it back to me ANYTIME for a FULL GUARANTEED REFUND!

If I were you, I wouldn't live another day without LUCK-KEY. It's just too precious not to have. Order RIGHT NOW, before this offer expires.

To order just:

1) Print your name and address on the coupon below.

2) Attach your check, money order or cash payable to LUCK-KEY for just \$3. (Price includes postage)

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I WANT YOU

(As recorded by Narada Michael Walden)

NARADA MICHAEL WALDEN
LISA WALDEN
CORRADO RUSTICI
I, I want you
You, I want you.

I can't hold off
Expressing how I feel
Concealing this love inside
Ooh makes it hard to live
I know that you know
It's a delicate affair
Spare my heart
Let me know that love is right
Don't you be afraid
Now that I, I want you
You, I want you.

Deeper my love is growing
I can't endure it one night more
Baby I'm fighting the desire
To shout it out to the world
Girl you've got to gather your strength
And let your loving show
My feelings are sincere
So believe me.

Because I, I want you
You, I want you.

Got to have your love tonight
Got to have your love
Got to have your love tonight.

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TREAT ME RIGHT

(As recorded by Pat Benatar)

DOUG LUBAHN
PAT BENATAR

You want me to leave
You want me to stay
You ask me to come back
You turn and walk away
You wanna be lovers
Then you wanna be friends
I'm losin' my patience
You're nearin' the end.
One of these days you're gonna
reach out and find
The one that you count on has left
you behind
Don't wanna be no martyr
You know I'm no saint
Oh my my baby before it's too late.
Treat me right
Treat me right
Open your eyes
Maybe you'll see the light.
Do you think I'm a fool
Well you better think twice
I've had enough baby
It's time you realized
You can't have it both ways
It's no way to live
You done all the takin'
It's your turn to give.
One of these days you're gonna
reach out and find
The one that you count on has left
you behind
Don't wanna be no martyr
You know I'm no saint
Oh my my baby before it's too late.
(Repeat chorus)

NEVER LIKE THIS

(As recorded by Two Tons)

ALBERT HAILEY
ERIC ROBINSON

In the midst of my lonely sorrows
Shadows of your face appear
I can see all of those happy days
All the times we said always
Dreams oh haunting dreams leave
me to go away.
I've been in love before
But never like this
I've been in love before
But never like this.
In my heart you inflamed such a
feeling
A beauty that my soul will always
know
The earth was mine the stars, the
moon above me
And knowing you'd be near me soon
It was a lovely tune.
(Repeat chorus)

Nothing ever made me sad
Just your smile made my heart glad
But then you changed, you really
changed
And tore my heart with pain
If you ever find another love
Don't tell me 'cause her love ain't
true
No one in this whole wide world
could love you like I do.
Soon my time will come
And I'll find my mind
I'll see what you've done yes I will
And I won't be so blind
I'll know what you're doing when
you're doing it
Pack my bags and wipe my hands
And leave her to suffer
But I'll be a free woman.

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MAGIC MAN

(As recorded by Robert Winters & Fall)

JIMMY GEORGANTONES
RAY DEWEY
ROBERT WINTERS
LLOYD CHIATE

I can pull a rabbit out of a hat
Disappear and return like that
'Cause baby I'm your magic man
Yes I am.

Tricks with cards are easy to do
And tricks with hearts will cast a
spell on you
'Cause baby I'm your magic man
Yes I am.

I'm your magic man
Won't you let my magic hands touch
your heart
And make your love appear
I will stop your frowns and turn them
upside down

'Cause I'll be around to hold you
near
If your heart is broken bring it to me
With a wave I'll mend it
Oh you'll see baby that I'm your
magic man
On stage and lights I'll dazzle your
eyes
And later on at night I'll make you
realize baby
I'm your magic man yeah.

I'm your magic man
Won't you let my magic hands touch
your heart
And make your love appear
I will stop your frowns and turn them
upside down
'Cause I'll be around to hold you
near
To hold you near.

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KEEP ON LOVING YOU

(As recorded by REO Speedwagon)

KEVIN CRONIN

You should have seen by the look in
my eyes baby
There was somethin' missin'
You should have known by the tone
of my voice
Maybe but you didn't listen
You played dead but you never bled
Instead you laid still in the grass
All coiled up and hissin'
And tho' I know all about those men
Still I don't remember
'Cause it was us baby way before
then
And we're still together
And I meant every word I said
When I said that I love you
I meant that I love you forever.

And I'm gonna keep on loving you
'Cause it's the only thing I wanna do
I don't wanna sleep
I just wanna keep on loving you.

And I mean every word I said
When I said that I love you
I meant that I love you forever.

And I'm gonna keep on loving you
'Cause it's the only thing I wanna do
I don't wanna sleep
I just wanna keep on loving you.

Baby I'm gonna keep on loving you
'Cause it's the only thing I wanna do
I don't wanna sleep
I just wanna keep on loving you.

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FOOL THAT I AM

(As recorded by Rita Coolidge)

CAROLE BAYER SAGER
BRUCE ROBERTS

Oh I tried to make the best of all the
sweet love that you gave
Maybe I'm crazy but I keep on losing
ground.

Fool that I am
Fool that I may be
When will I ever know what's true
And if I found out differently
Would I still love you.

Two hearts breakin', two hearts
achin'

Someone's takin' more than they
gave
Trusting in someone who has no
trust in me.

Fool that I am
Fool that I may be
When will I ever know what's true
And if I found out differently
Would I still love you
Would I still love you oh.

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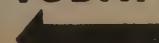


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GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

(As recorded by Alan Parsons Project)

ERIC WOOLFSON
ALAN PARSONS

Where do we go from here
Now that all other children are
growin' up
And how do we spend our lives
If there's no one to lend us a hand.

I don't wanna live here no more
I don't wanna stay
Ain't gonna spend the rest of my life
quietly fading away.

Games people play
You take it or you leave it
Things that they say
Honor bright if I promise you the
moon and the stars

SHINE ON

(As recorded by L.T.D.)

JEFFREY OSBORNE
RICHARD KERR
BILLY OSBORNE

Just yesterday I cast my eyes upon
your loving face
But that was yesterday
Now just a dream
A dream that lives inside my
memory
Wish it could be reality.

Shine on yesterday
Carry me away
And let me back in your arms
holding you again
Shine on yesterday
Carry me away to be with you

DON'T TELL ME NO

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

It's my party
You can come
It's my party
Have some fun
It's my dream
Have a laugh
It's my life
Have a half.

Well don't tell me no
Don't tell me no

Would you believe it
Games people play
In the middle of the night.
Where do we go from here
Now that all other children have
grown up
And how do we spend our time
Knowin' nobody gives us a damn.

Games people play
You take it or you leave it
Things that they say
Just don't make it right
If I'm telling you the truth right now
Do you believe it
Games people play
In the middle of the night.

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Somewhat let my dream come true.
You know sometimes I stop and
stare no matter where I am
Thinking of you again
Once in awhile I call your name out
loud hoping you'll hear
Hoping my prayer will bring you
here.

Shine on yesterday
Carry me away
And let me be back in your arms
holding you again
Shine on yesterday
Carry me away to be with you
Somehow let my dream come true.

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It's my transition
It's my play
It's my phone call to beta ray
It's my hopscotch
Light the torch
It's my down times
Feel the scorch.
(Repeat chorus)

It's my ambition
It's my joke
It's my teardrop
Emotional smoke
It's my merry
It's my plan
I want to go to futureland.
(Repeat chorus)

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(Ghost) RIDERS IN THE SKY

(As recorded by The Outlaws)

STAN JONES

An old cowboy went riding out one
dark and windy day
Up on a ridge he rested as he went
along his way
When all at once a mighty herd of
red-eyed cows he saw
Ploughin' thru the ragged skies
And up a cloudy draw.

(Their) brands were still on fire and
their hooves were made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny
and their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as
they thundered thru the sky
For he saw the riders comin' hard
And he heard their mournful cry.

Yi-pi-yi-o
Yi-pi-yi-ay
Ghost riders in the sky.

(Their) faces gaunt their eyes were
blurred their shirts all soaked with
sweat
He's ridin' hard to catch that herd
but he ain't caught 'em yet
'Cause they got to ride forever on
that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire
As they ride on hear their cry.

(As the) riders loped on by him he
heard one call his name
"If you want to save your soul from
hell a ridin' on our range
Then cowboy change your ways
today or with us you will ride
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd
Across these endless skies."

Yi-pi-yi-o
Yi-pi-yi-ay
The ghost riders in the sky
The ghost riders in the sky
The ghost riders in the sky.

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JOURNEY

A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Journey's lead singer, Steve Perry, called **Hit Parader** with the details on the departure of Gregg Rolie, keyboard player, songwriter and cofounder of the San Francisco-based rock band, who was "retiring from the road." There was to be a big party the next day in San Francisco in Rolie's honor.

"Gregg's been in the business for twelve or thirteen years," Perry said. "He had two complete platinum careers, really, two separate, strong careers. He was in Santana, and that's a real heavy strength right there, and he did a platinum career with Journey, and that's a real heavy strength too."

"He'd been talking for a long time about how he doesn't like the road: It can be pretty grueling. When you're home only two or three months out of a year, and only three or four weeks of that time is actually to yourself because the rest is back to work in the studio or rehearsing. It can get to you."

"It's basically pretty simple," Rolie says himself a few days later. "I got quite tired of the road. I want to start a family, get into producing and get into another end of this business that doesn't require me to travel so much. I'm thirty-three and I think fifteen years on the road is enough. It's just the way I feel. I don't enjoy the travel anymore. I used to love it."

"The performances are generally better and more exciting than the recordings."

Rolie recently remarried, but rather than go into a lengthy retirement and honeymoon to unwind, he elected to go into the studio with 415, a Bay Area band recently signed to Nightmare, Inc., Journey's management. Rolie is busy collecting material for a projected solo album, and has spoken with Carlos Santana about a possible musical reunion of some sort. Rolie continues to be a member of the Journey organization, receiving a weekly salary like the members of the touring unit.

"Neal [Schon, guitarist] told me 'Gregg, you got a lot of guts to just leave that behind,' and I said, 'yeah, but I have to do it.' There's just other things I want to do other than traveling and traveling and traveling."

Former Baby Jonathan Cain is replacing Rolie. The other band

Laurie Paladino



Steve Perry: "It's going to be fun, more fun than before."

members were particularly interested in Cain because he plays both keyboards and guitars and sings. Rolie never played guitar with Journey.

"We played with the Babys on tour," Rolie added. "I watched him every night before our set. I got to know him. He's really a nice guy, and seemed like the perfect person to fit in there."

Journey's story begins in the mid-60s when an ambitious teenager named Herbie Herbert

managed a band called Frumious Bandersnatch, with Ross Valory on bass. In 1968, Rolie helped a then unknown guitarist, Carlos Santana, put together a group that became world-famous on the basis of their rousing performance at 1969's immortal Woodstock rock festival. When Bandersnatch broke up, Herbert became production manager for Santana. Valory went on to play in various Bay Area groups, including the Steve Miller Band.

**Frisco Bay Band Makes Changes
But the Beat Goes On.**

by Charley Crespo

Guitarist Neal Schon turned down Eric Clapton, joined Santana and finally hooked up with Journey in 1973.



At the age of fifteen, Neal Schon joined Santana as second guitarist, turning down the offer of a similar position from Eric Clapton. When Carlos Santana revamped his band's lineup in 1972, Herbert approached Schon about putting a band together with Valory and a rhythm guitarist named George Tickner. Prairie Prince briefly played drums before joining the Tubes. He was replaced by Englishman Aynsley Dunbar. Rolie then came in as organist and vocalist. Journey played its first performance in San Francisco on New Year's Eve 1973. Tickner left the band some time later.

"They were musicians, basically," Herbert says now of the band. "They were not the foremost entertainers."

Journey rose to national prominence with its fourth album, **Infinity** which featured the group's then new singer and frontman, Steve Perry. Today Journey consists of Perry, Schon, Valory, Cain and Steve Smith on drums.

"We've changed hands several times without losing the beat," Herbert observes, "and without destroying the band. I think the cause of that has been a common focus, a common denominator, which is the unbelievable amount of understanding and compassion everybody shares. It's the closest thing to a family within a band structure since the Grateful Dead."

"It's the closest thing to a family within a band structure since the Grateful Dead."

Journey's efforts are always group efforts, but twenty-seven-year-old Steve Perry is often the group's focal point and spokesman. Unencumbered by musical instruments, Perry plays to the stage's apron and the balconies. The range and command of his vocals draw as much or even perhaps more attention than the band's musicianship. Thin, energetic, mobile, he looks like a rock star.

A native of Hanford, California, a small town thirty-two miles southwest of Fresno ("a nice place") Perry last year bought a house in Marin County, a wealthy San Francisco suburb. Prior to that, Steve was on the road so much that during brief breaks, he'd stay with fellow band members or his parents.

"It was like why have a house, you know, I wasn't even there," he said recently. "I just decided I'd park my car down at my parents'

house, grab my suitcase and be gone. I had no possessions, nothing to really warrant having home. I decided I would acquire some," he added.

Perry shares the house with someone he describes as "a very, very nice lady." They are still furnishing the house, but even after a year, there's still a lot of empty space. Chances are Perry will soon be back on the road, leaving the final decorating details to the aforementioned lady.

Journey's four 1980 concerts at Detroit's Cobo Hall were recorded for their latest album, **Captured**.

Some time before, Valory had said, "I would tend to think on the average, the stage performances are better than performances on the albums, sound wise and otherwise. Anyone who writes a song and attempts to literally freeze it in time on record will find that later in time, the song continues to grow and tends to become more unified and better performed as time goes on. Our performing end of things is a moving picture and a recording is still taken at a certain moment. As far as Journey goes, I'd say the performances are generally better and more exciting than the recordings. The performance is a better representation of Journey than songs on an album."

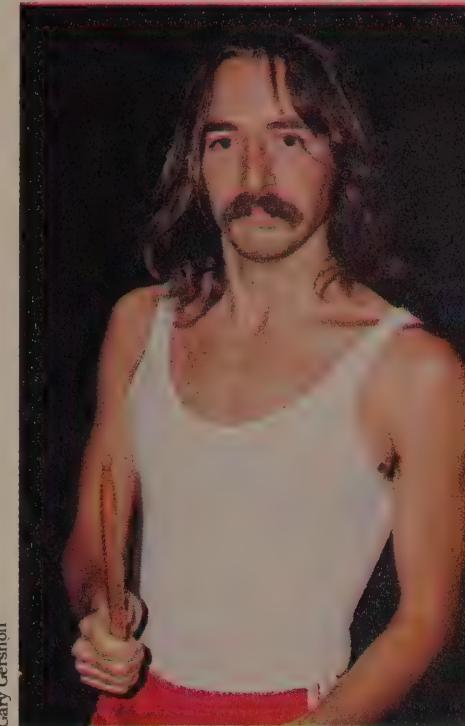
The two-record set, recorded last May, is the eight-year-old band's first live album. The collection

is available as an import only.

Journey wrote the music while on an American concert tour. The Japanese company, meanwhile, supplied the group with video-cassettes of rough footage as they became available.

"It was one of the easiest things we'd ever done, because it was just a series of moods and expressions. We did some crazy things with sound effects, but there are actual songs as well. It's sort of an eerie film, also. It's got its mysteries and fantasies to it, too. It's really a good album."

Steve Smith replaced Aynsley Dunbar on drums and has been a Journeyman ever since.



Gary Gershoff

features live renditions of the group's best known songs, and also includes two new songs. *Dixie Highway* is recorded live, and, according to Steve Perry, "is a tune about a guy who meets a girl hitchhiking on the highway." *The Party's Over*, which Perry describes as "a situation where a person is waiting for a phone call," was written in Detroit, but recorded live in a studio after the tour.

"In the hotel in Detroit one afternoon, I heard this guitar line in my head and I sang it to Neal. That afternoon, we jammed during the sound check at Cobo and found a melody. We had the tape rolling because we were recording that night anyway. The studio version sounds better, but not that different from what we started."

Journey's other new album is the soundtrack to a Japanese movie, **Dream After Dream**. The score, described by Perry as "the finest thing the band has come up with,"

Journey is now working out its new lineup.

"We're looking at it with an optimism, that it's going to be fun, more fun than before," Perry offered. "I don't think the band is going through visions of inadequacy," he paused to laugh. "I don't think anything like that is going to come down. We're going to go out and do what we've always done."

"We've been lucky in many respects because we're still holding our ground and being ourselves, you know, and there's been a lot of people out there who like us for who we are. I'm just saying that we're going to continue playing the kind of music that we want to play and we hope everyone enjoys it as much as we do."

Another pause.

"This business can be pretty crazy sometimes," he concluded. □

MICK JAGGER

THE MOUTH THAT ROARED

Rolling Stone Proves Beyond a Shadow of a Doubt that Rock Stars Can Be at Least as Boring as Anyone Else.

by Liz Derringer

As we all know, rock and roll stars lead rich, fascinating, glamorous lives. Glitter, Fame, Glory, Drugs, Good Room Service — the meaning of it all staggers the imagination. And of course, if you are a rock star, your opinions on the burning issues and the moral questions of the day are so important. Now, you could pick up any number of magazines to read some rock star running off at the mouth about the big issues like: why you should buy their new album (it's always better than the last), why you should hang on their music (they're always making a "statement") and of course, who's the latest girlfriend (like you're getting some of the action yourself — ha!).

So what does a superstar like Mick Jagger do on an average day? What does he think? How does he feel? Where will he find those sleeping bags he's looking for? Did he like *The Black Hole*? And what about sex? Recently, Liz Derringer spent some time with Jagger in his New York apartment — or maybe it was his limo or his local A&P or on the Riviera or Macy's budget lingerie shop — well, no matter. Don't waste another moment in breathless anticipation — read on!

— P.R.

HP: Why are you living in New York?

MJ: Well, I'm not living in New York, you know, not really. I spend half the time in Europe. At most, I'll just be here for a few months. I go really a bit nuts being in just, say, Manhattan all year. It would drive me crazy.

HP: But don't you have one place of residence?

MJ: Just between Paris, London



"Some girls give me children I never asked them for."

and New York, really. That's really where to go.

HP: Do you still own a house in England?

MJ: Yeah, but I don't live there. It's my house but I don't live there. I haven't lived in it since 1970. I was looking for a house, but...

HP: Which country?

MJ: Which country? It doesn't really matter. France or England or the east coast of America. I've been out of sympathy with the American countryside. It's just so big. Diversity within small areas has always amazed me. That's why Europe is such an interesting place. America's great, but the diversity you get in Europe is so incredible. In America, the whole thing is ... the advantage of America is homogeneous, right? It's homogeneous. It's one, great, huge place that all runs the same culturally, more or less. And you go a hundred miles in Europe and they speak another language. In America, you still have the same old dinner. Do you know what I mean? It's not all the same, but it's the same culturally, more or less.

HP: Which is your favorite town for restaurants?

MJ: After living in Paris, Paris is very good. New York is a nice town, but the difference in quality and all that is amazing. London's the same. Paris is like more formal society. I'm not just talking about me, I'm talking about everybody. But, I can live without it, to be honest.

HP: Would Paris be the place that you'd want to live?

MJ: No, no, no. The music scene there is just no-no, you know? It's very old-fashioned, that's the thing that's wrong with it.

HP: Where do you like to go when you go out in New York?

MJ: The night life is really ... the music is really good. You've got to be very enthusiastic, though, to dig into it. You can miss a lot. When Charlie (Watts, drummer for the Rolling Stones) comes to stay here, he goes like a tourist. He stays here for a couple of weeks or something and all he does is go to art galleries and at night he goes out to see jazz bands and all that. But you've got to know where they are, they're not always advertised.

HP: What clubs do you go to in New York?

MJ: Hurrah, the Mudd Club — that kind of thing. I don't like hanging out in night clubs. I prefer to go and see a band, and then when the band is over, leave. I don't like hanging out in nightclubs unless I want to pick up girls or something.

HP: Do you like Broadway plays and ballets?

Mick Jagger: "I can't remember a decent movie in years."



"I don't like hanging out in nightclubs unless I want to pick up girls."

MJ: Yeah, very few and far between. I haven't been to the ballet in years. I don't know, life's funny like that.

HP: Do you go to many movies here?

MJ: Yes, I go to movies. I went to see **The Black Hole** yesterday. It was fantastic.

HP: Is it good?

MJ: No, it's rubbish. No story at all. It's worth seeing, kids like it, but I wouldn't go into it with a grown-up. It's very hard to keep up with movies. One sees them so

indiscriminately. I always see them so late. I can't remember a decent movie in years.

HP: Would you ever like to act in a Broadway play?

MJ: No, I could never make the run. Even if I could do the play, that is. Not that they'd ever want me to do the play, let alone the run. Last year I saw Bette Midler. That's Broadway right there. She was very good. But I couldn't do that every night. The way she did. I imagine she told the same jokes every night.

HP: What do you do during the day? Do you go out shopping?

MJ: I haven't gone out shopping in New York, and consequently, I don't know anywhere to get anything. I still feel like a tourist, 'cause I don't know where anything is. I've been coming here since 1964, and I still don't know. You know, I snap my fingers when I want something, and I should have it all in my head. I have it in my head in London, and in Paris, maybe, but here I don't know where to go. I'm going to have to buy some sleeping bags and I don't know where to get them.

HP: Do you like having children?

MJ: No, three's enough. No, I've got to have some boys, actually. I've got girls now. We don't want five girls. It's a nightmare with five girls, it's unbalanced.

HP: Do you go through periods where you don't want to have any sex?

MJ: No, not really. I mean ... not any at all, you mean? No. Do you?

HP: Not me. (Laughter) But you know, I always have trouble because like everybody says, "well, you're married," and I'm not supposed to have sex with other boys.

MJ: That's what you say in your marriage vows.

HP: What is a marriage vow, though, who thought up these things? Is that something real?

MJ: You go through this whole thing. It isn't for everyone. It is amazing. I mean, that's why people think you're crazy, because you do actually promise, you have to love, honor and obey your husband. It's an easy thing in America, to get married. The judges, they say the same fucking thing. Nobody listens to it.

HP: What is your favorite mode of travel?

MJ: Muletrain.

HP: I thought you liked limousines and taxicabs.

MJ: I hate limousines. I'd rather drive myself in a really fast car.

HP: What's the most important thing you learn from traveling?

MJ: How to get there.

HP: What is your ultimate travel fantasy?

MJ: To go to space; space travel.

HP: You like horseback riding, don't you?

MJ: Yeah.

HP: Is there anything you look for in people?

MJ: No, you don't look for things in people. You might see someone that's nice, you know, like generosity, giving me all their diamond rings and stuff like that — good qualities. □

Caught IN THE Act



"Cos my record, Rosie, just went Number One."

Bruce Springsteen

by Patty Romanowski

To some, he's rock and roll's greatest living legend; to others, he's its biggest pretender. No wonder then, that while one faction of fandom hails his double-LP opus *The River* as one of rock's best works, another blasts it as a grandiose rehashing of his four previous discs. But in the end, almost everyone agrees that Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band put on what may well be the hottest live show anywhere; so hot, in fact, that the band survived over half a decade in relative obscurity — outside New York — on the strength of their show and great word-of-mouth raves they earned. More than a few former skeptics have likened seeing the Boss live to a mystical conversion. He was that good.

And he still is. No wonder then that Springsteen's triumphant return to New York was part reunion, part homecoming, and for all of the lucky 20,000 (including the less fortunate who'd paid up to \$250 for tickets from scalpers), the big date of the year. No one was disappointed.

Kicking off the 3½-hour-plus set with *Prove It All Night*, Springsteen and the Band opened fire and never let up for a second. As bands go, these guys are superb, even Bruce himself, who is a bit more of a lead guitar honcho than many people realize. Of course, Clarence Clemons' deep-from-the-night sax wails and Miami Steve Van Zandt's hard-charged leads were often focal points, especially on *Sherry Darling* (during which Bruce scooped up a happily surprised young

lady for a cheek-to-cheek hot cha-cha), *Fire and Born to Run*. Meanwhile, pianist Roy Bittan and organist Danny Federici were especially fine on *Drive All Night*, *The River* and *4th of July, Asbury Park*.

But the magic was all Bruce. Bounding to the stage's edge, leaping on the piano, taking that one reckless knee-splitting slide, he captured and epitomized those aspects of rock and roll that — whether you like it or not — make it always seem to mean so much to people like, well, Bruce himself. The big grin on his face while the crowd sang the first verse of *Hungry Heart* to him or belted out the "who-oh-oh's" to *Out on the Street*, the hush that settled over the Garden during *Independence Day*, his joyous ad lib to *Rosalita* ("...to get his daughter a little fun, 'cos my record, Rosie, just went Number One..."), and the surging power he seemed to draw out of the fans for *Jungleland* and *Because the Night* did more than endear him to the audience. At times, it almost seemed to bond them.

Talent, hype, charisma, drive — whatever it may be that contributes to creating a star of Springsteen's stature, he proved that, at the bottom of it all is a love for what he does. (Besides, in this case, talent and charisma and hard, hard work did it for Bruce.) Of course, someone somewhere complained that all of it sounded just a touch too polished, a bit too studied. No matter. Inside it all, the heart was still beating wildly. And like the wide open roar that went up as Clemons playfully carried the Boss offstage, it sounds like it may never end. □

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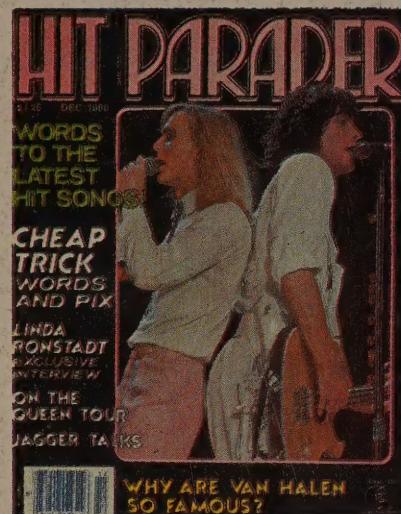
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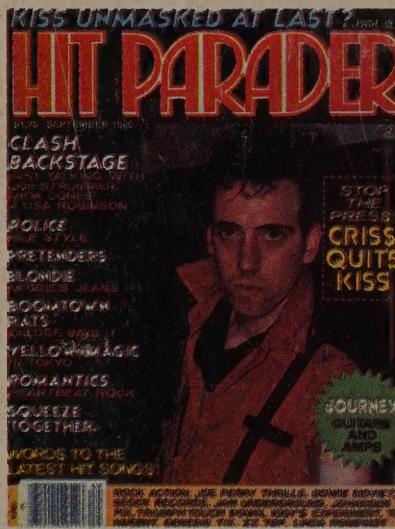
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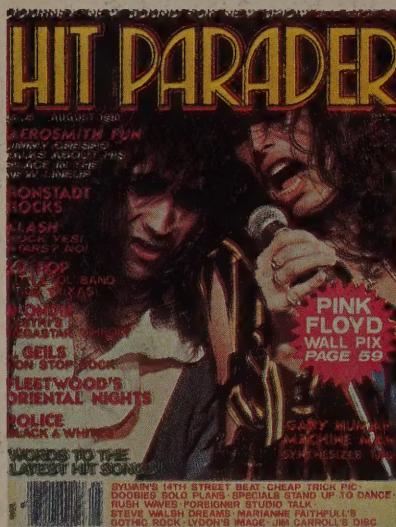
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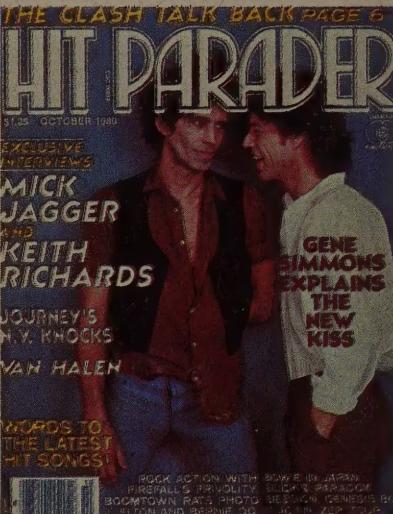
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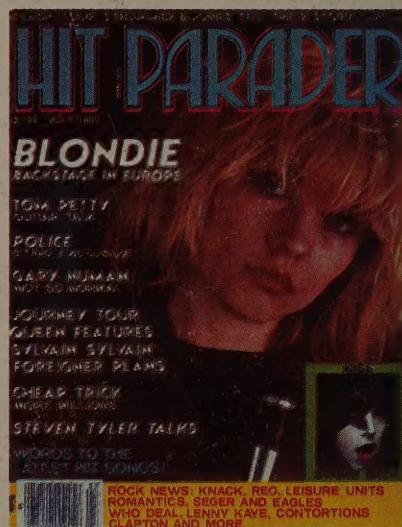
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Jan. 80 | <input type="checkbox"/> July 80 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Feb. 80 | <input type="checkbox"/> Aug. 80 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> March 80 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sept. 80 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> April 80 | <input type="checkbox"/> Oct. 80 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> May 80 | <input type="checkbox"/> Nov. 80 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> June 80 | <input type="checkbox"/> Dec. 80 |